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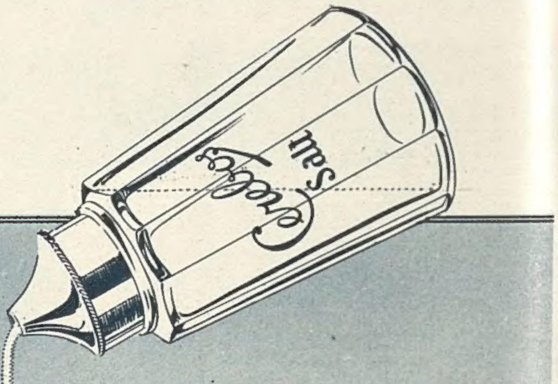

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The Sketch

No. 2161.—Vol. CLXVI. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER NORTH.

MISS LAURA COWIE is the Queen Elizabeth for the Pageant of Parliament at the Albert Hall from June 29 to July 21. Her remarkable make-up in the scene when she is seen praying for success against the Armada is illustrated. She wears a false nose and an elaborate wig to suggest a high forehead. The costume is copied from a print in "Christian Prayers" (1569) in the Lambeth Palace Library.

LAURA COWIE PUTS ON A QUEEN ELIZABETH NOSE.

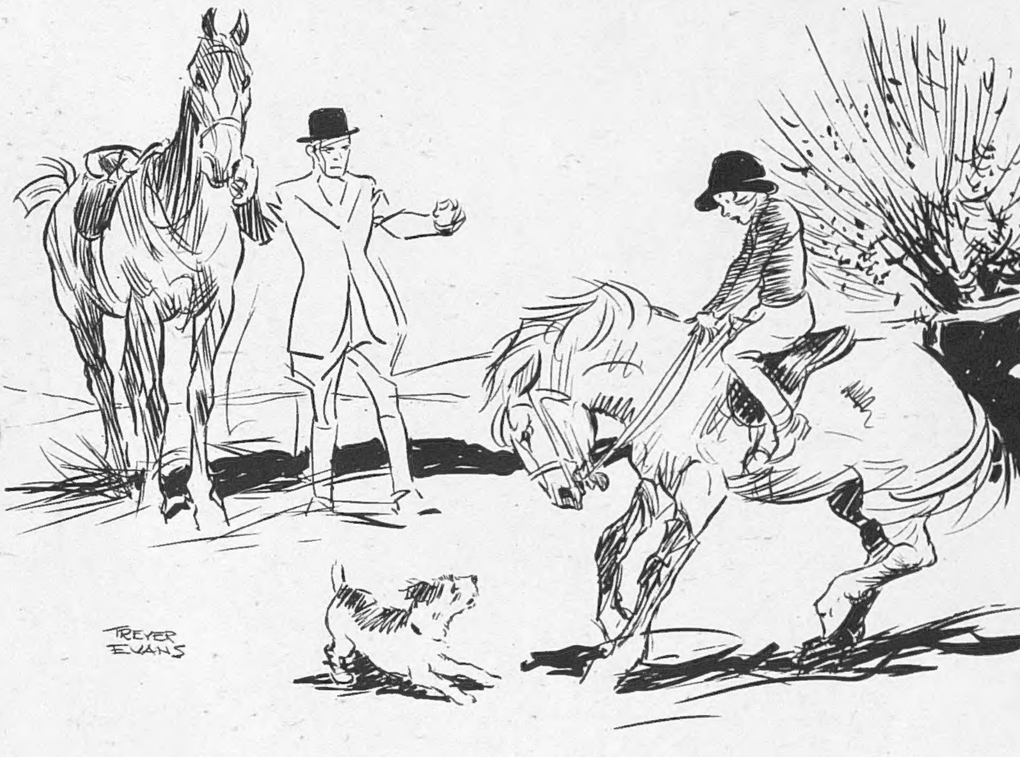
MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

IT is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a grouser to give up his grouse. There was a man once who, having visited a place in Spain famous for its romantic beauty, left it in disgust after a couple of days. When asked the cause of his disapproval, he replied: "The place was simply littered with rose-leaves, and I couldn't sleep on account of the infernal noise made by the nightingales." We all know that type of man or woman. (I am afraid he is more often a man than a woman.) He seems to have made himself unpopular in Germany, and they have been conducting a "national campaign" against him. Short is the shrift of "carpers and critics" who have the temerity to suggest that all is not for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

For example, it is reported that one offender (a woman, I regret to say) had been known to complain repeatedly that "the economic situation in Germany would never improve." They did not give her seven days, without the option, to think it over; they made her report at the burgomaster's office every day for three weeks and declare: "Things have already improved, and will improve further."



THE PUPIL: *"Oo! Help! Quick! This thing's gone into reverse."*

DRAWN BY TREYER EVANS.

This method of dealing with Dismal Jimmies and Wet Blankets seems to me to have many merits. But, apart from its utility as a means of dealing with a public nuisance, it opens up interesting psychological questions. Was the carper convinced when she had served her sentence? Had she, by dint of repetition for three weeks, persuaded herself that things had improved and would continue to improve? I am afraid that mere repetition does not always imprint a lesson upon our minds. Herr Hitler was not the first to invent this method of moral suasion: some of us—though, of course, not you, gentle reader—have, at certain periods of our careers, been made to write out several hundred times such noble sentiments as: "Sago pudding is very nice and very good for little boys"; or, "I must not say 'I won't' to Mummy." But did it really become part of our deepest convictions that sago pudding was nice, and did we never again use those dread words to Mummy or Daddy or Nannie? It is said that there was once a boy who had an inveterate habit of saying: "I have went." All other means having failed, he was kept in after school and made to write a hundred times: "I must not say 'I have went,' but 'I have gone.'" By the time he had finished his imposition, Teacher had gone and there was nobody to whom he could report. He therefore left his lines on Teacher's desk, with a little note: "I have finished my lines and have went home." The lad at least had the courage of his convictions, and anybody who has ever attempted to instruct others will testify that that boy's mind was not untypical of the material with which education constantly has to deal.

On the other hand, I seem to have read somewhere a theory—I forget the technical name by which it is known to psychologists—that it is not your state of mind which produces your physical reactions, but your physical actions which produces your state of mind. Thus, you do not smile because you are happy or pleased, but you are happy or pleased because you smile. The practical application of this doctrine, as I remember it, was that if you are subject to the heeby-jeebies in the morning, you should stand before a mirror and grin like a dog (though presumably not while shaving), and you will then be a Little Ray of Sunshine all day. The exercise has become popularly known as the Morning Beam, so I am informed. On the other hand, if you want to work yourself up to a sufficient state of rage and indignation to dismiss the butler, or inform your old College chum that he is paying too much attention to your wife, you should stand before the mirror, foam at the mouth, and grimace in a ferocious manner until you strike terror into all-comers. The Chinese long ago discovered the principle.

I am neither a devotee of psychology, nor (like so many people I know) a scoffer thereat; but I think there may be something in this theory. There is no doubt that the effect even of a forced smile may be considerable. This is most frequently illustrated when somebody whom you have not the least desire to see calls on you at an inconvenient time. Instead of saying, as every instinct prompts you to say: "You are an infernal nuisance, and I wish you were the other side of Jordan," you make a facial contraction which may not be very convincing to a shrewd observer—however, in a poor light it will pass as a smile of welcome, and it definitely improves your mood and eases the situation; at the very least, it prevents you from shedding blood. Much virtue in a smile, whatever effort of will it may cost; and not the least of its advantages is that it seldom fails to elicit a response. We are all extraordinarily sensitive to each other's moods, and it is an unusually sombre type of individual (of course, such persons exist, though it is quite untrue that you generally find them north of the Tweed) who does not respond in some measure to a bright expression, even if it resembles an advertisement for a dentifrice.

But can you carry the principle so far as this—that by saying things are going to happen, you *make* them happen? Or, conversely, that by denying that unpleasant things exist, you suppress them? There is obviously a large school of "optimists" who think on those lines. For example, I heard a very intelligent person say the other day that he considered it a crime for any public person to state that he believed European war to be probable. I am afraid I cannot go quite as far as that. I doubt whether any ostrich, by burying its head, has succeeded in protecting other parts of its frame. On the contrary, it has always seemed to me that the ostrich exposes itself to attack of a particularly painful kind. However, I hope the gloomy lady in the German village has effected a substantial economic improvement.

QUEEN AND FRENCH NOBLEWOMAN IN THE PAGEANT OF PARLIAMENT.

MISS PRISCILLA WEIGALL (above), daughter of Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall, is taking the part of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I., in the Pageant of Parliament at the Royal Albert Hall on June 29 till July 21. MISS JEAN INNES-KER (left), the daughter of Lord and Lady Alastair Innes-Ker and cousin of the Duke of Roxburghe, is appearing as a French noblewoman.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER NORTH.

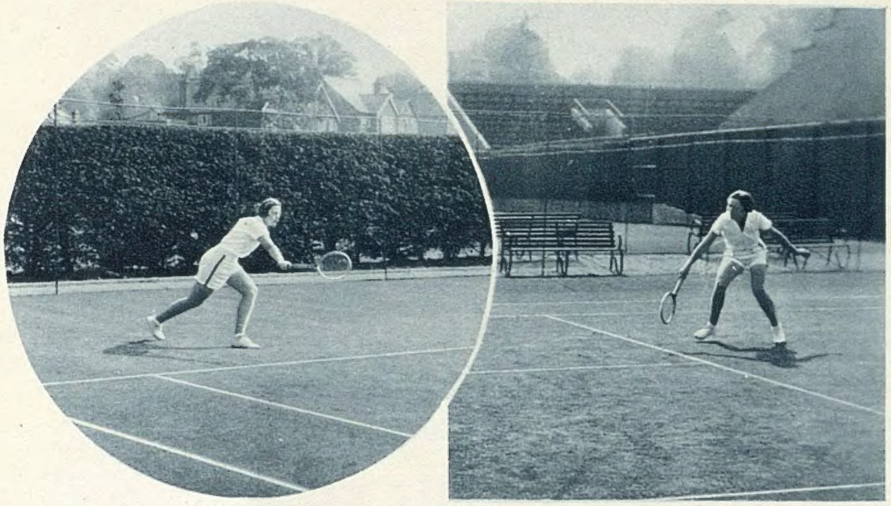
DARK HORSES OF WIMBLEDON:

NEW AMERICAN WOMEN PLAYERS.

BY HELEN JACOBS.

Miss Carolin Babcock and Miss Jo Cruickshank are the two "dark horses" among the American newcomers to Wimbledon. Miss Babcock lost to Miss B. Nuthall in the Wightman Cup singles, and she and Miss Cruickshank were beaten in the doubles by Miss Lyle and Miss Dearman. Here Miss Helen Jacobs, the leading U.S.A. player at Wimbledon, discusses their form.

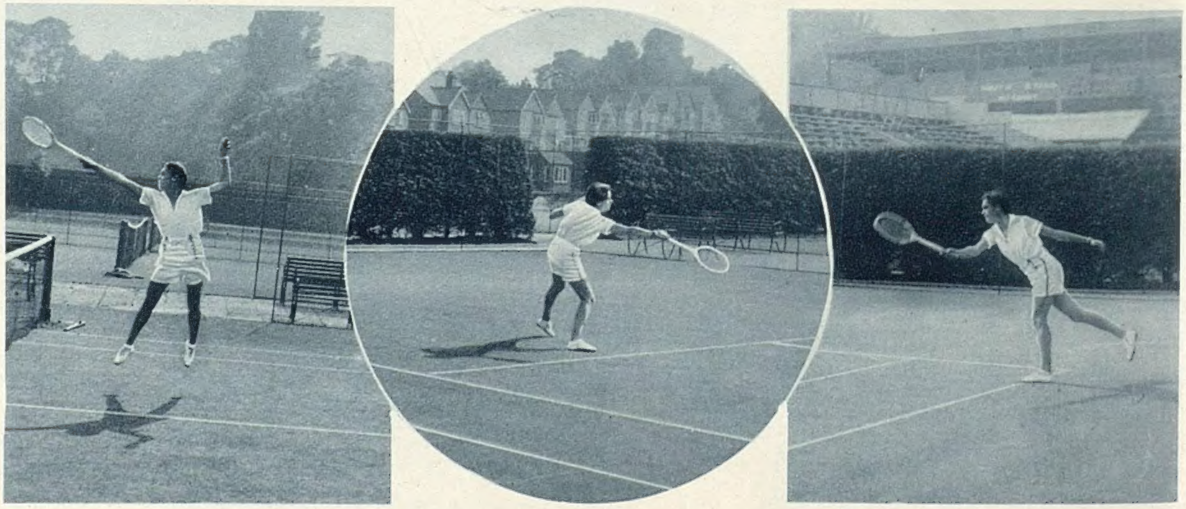
FROM the American point of view, Wimbledon is to be the training ground for two young and new tennis hopes. The American Wightman Cup team, originally composed of five players, but reduced before its arrival in England to four, through the unfortunate collapse in Paris of Alice Marble, was only 50 per cent. experienced. The significance of this fact told in the matches with Great Britain, which



These snapshots taken by Miss Helen Jacobs illustrate MISS JOSEPHINE CRUICKSHANK'S style. The left-hand one shows the finish of a back-hand drive, and the right-hand one the finish of a back-hand volley.

ended on Saturday, June 16; and, although it happened not to make a difference in the outcome of the series, it did bear out the conviction of our tennis association that only by giving new players experience on Wimbledon's Center Court do they really become seasoned.

Carolin Babcock has had an outstanding record in the United States. In 1932, much to the surprise of almost everyone except myself, she went to the final of the American Championship. I had played her earlier in the season at the Seabright Invitational Tournament, and felt certain, from her performance there, that not only I, but all of our players, would have their hands full in attempting to defeat her. Carolin is a protégée of the same tennis coach who is developing Frankie Parker. He is a man more familiar to the Paris officials than the English—Mercer Beasley. He has taught Carolin the easy style that is so noticeable in the fluency of her strokes; he has taught her the importance of attacking from the net, and of changing the pace and depth of her shots. Carolin has one shot that is not common in the répertoire of most of our American girls: the soft, sharply-angled drive close to the net. It is a shot that exacts the maximum of effort from the opponent in retrieving it, and one to which there are very few effective answers.



Three more snapshots by Miss Helen Jacobs, who is a keen amateur photographer. The left-hand one shows MISS CAROLIN BABCOCK making a spectacular finish of a backhand smash. The centre one shows her finish of a backhand volley; and the right-hand one is the finish of a forehand drive, also by Miss Babcock.

Carolin's court temperament has always been, in America, unaffected by the vicissitudes of match play. I think this was more or less evident in her match with Betty Nuthall in the Wightman Cup series. Her occasional errors on easy shots was due more to anxiety to win the point quickly than to nervousness. It is not difficult to observe that Carolin is one of America's best hopes as a doubles player. The variety of shots in her game, an outstanding feature in the games of the best English doubles players, should make her a formidable opponent within a year or two. Carolin's game exemplifies the efforts of the newest American players to get away from the purely aggressive, hard-hitting style of play. We have long realised that, although our games should be built upon speed, we nevertheless needed a strong defence against the wonderful retrieving abilities of a Peggy Scriven and a Dorothy Round. We have learned this from the English players, frequently at a great expense.

The other American newcomer to Wimbledon, Josephine Cruickshank, decided, as Tilden so often did, to give up serious tennis after last summer's tournaments. But, in seeking to make up a successful American Wightman Cup team, the selection committee felt certain that Josephine was a logical member for doubles. She was brought out of a very temporary retirement, and agreed to come abroad with the team principally because she was anxious to play at Wimbledon. Like so many of our best young women players, Jo Cruickshank first came into prominence in the private school tournament held every year in California. We played one another in the final of this tournament in 1925, and, being convinced of her ability, I urged Jo to take seriously to tournament tennis. Last year she had the best win of her career, when she defeated Peggy Scriven in the National Championships at Forest Hills.

Although Jo always plays a very dependable and, in singles, a hard-hitting game, she is dependent for her best results upon her mood of the moment. I have seen her play in practice against Helen Moody, when that famous American has had very difficult going against her. I had one of my hardest matches of the entire National Championships last August in the quarter-final against Jo. But on other occasions she has been in a conspicuously winning position, only to lose her lead and the punch in her shots because she became too aware of the fact that she was winning. Jo's appearance in the second doubles for the United States in the Wightman Cup matches did not give the spectators a real indication of her ability. Both she and Carolin Babcock were playing a seasoned English pair, for whom the Center Court had few distractions. The Wimbledon meeting should serve to bring out the best qualities in Jo's game.

The theory of speed and depth first, upon which so many of the Americans' games have been built, is exemplified in Jo Cruickshank's game. She has, in the last few years, however, been making an attempt to mix into her game the more subtle forms of play that serve to break up the game of a hard-driving opponent. While Jo has not played abroad before this year, she has had the opportunity to play against the English girls in the United States, and has seemed to profit a great deal from observation of their style. The soft, shallow, and sharply-angled shots which appear more and more frequently in her game, preceded by her hard and deep drives to the corners, are making her, every year, a more and more difficult opponent to defeat.

The games of Carolin Babcock and Josephine Cruickshank should not be judged too severely on their form at Wimbledon. I am sure that their records in the Championships will be more prepossessing than their showing in the Wightman Cup, worthy as that was, because with each practice they are alienating themselves from the strangeness of foreign competition. But it must be remembered that a season of any high-ranking player's tennis career must be sacrificed to experience, and there is no place in the tennis world where the sacrifice is more justified than at Wimbledon.

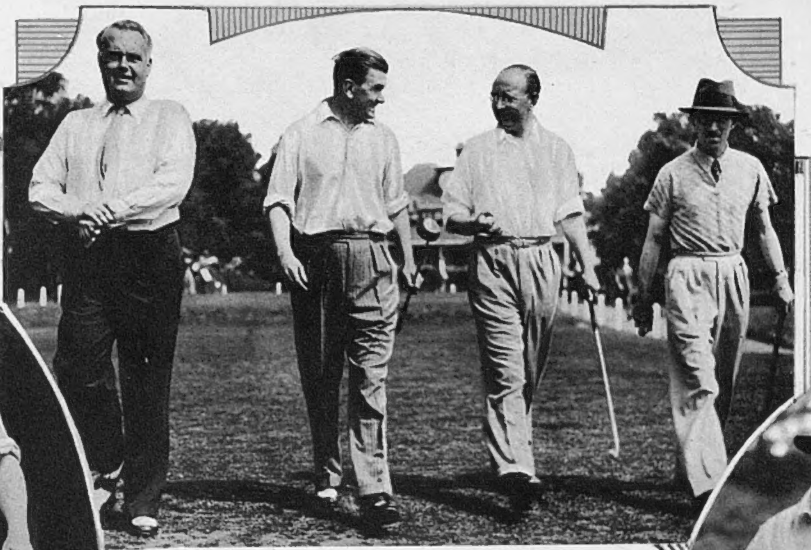
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDRÉ DÜRST.

A PEARL OF INDIA.

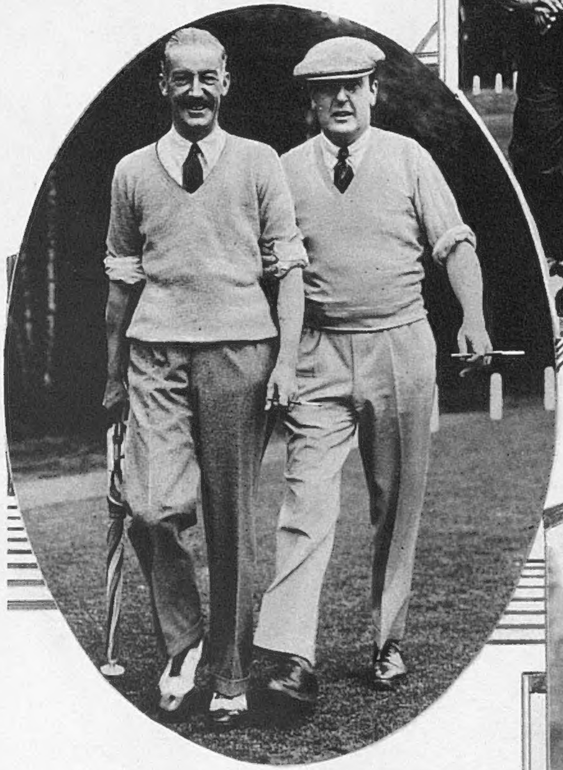
The beauty of MAHARAJ KUMARANI KARAMJIT SINGH OF KAPURTHALA, the daughter-in-law of the Maharajah of Kapurthala, made a great impression in Paris during her recent stay there. It has roused an equal amount of admiration in London society. She came to London a few weeks ago and was presented at the third Court by Lady Maud Hoare.

CRACKS OF THE CLUBS—IN THE BATH CLUB CUP.

THE Inter-Club Foursomes Competition at Sunningdale for the Bath Club Cup was a grand turn-out of crack golfers representing different well-known clubs. The trophy was won by the Junior Carlton Club pair, MR. T. A. TORRANCE and MR. G. D. HANNAY, who met the Conservative Club pair, Mr. Cyril Tolley and Mr. J. B. Beck, in the final, and won by 3 and 1.



MR. CYRIL TOLLEY (Conservative), MR. H. J. T. NEILSON (United Universities), MR. J. B. BECK (Conservative), and MR. H. GARDINER HILL (United Universities) are starting out. The Conservative pair won this match.

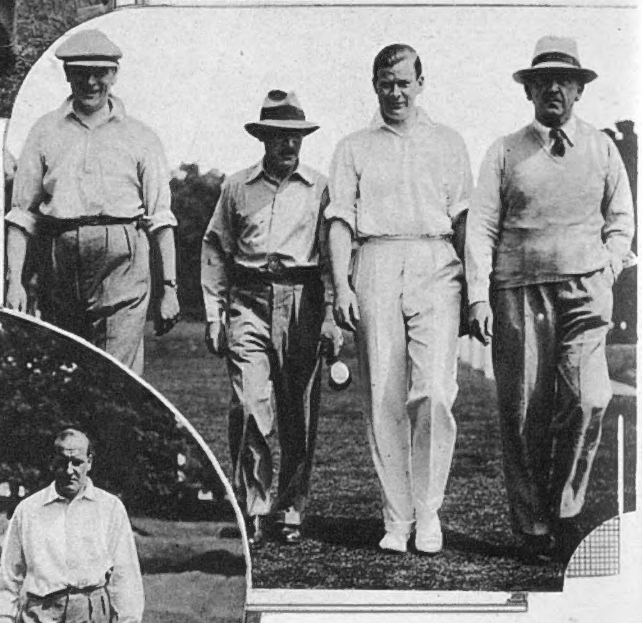


CAPTAIN D. H. PEPLOE (left) and LIEUT.-COLONEL J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON were the White's Club pair. They lost to the Junior Carlton couple, who won the cup.

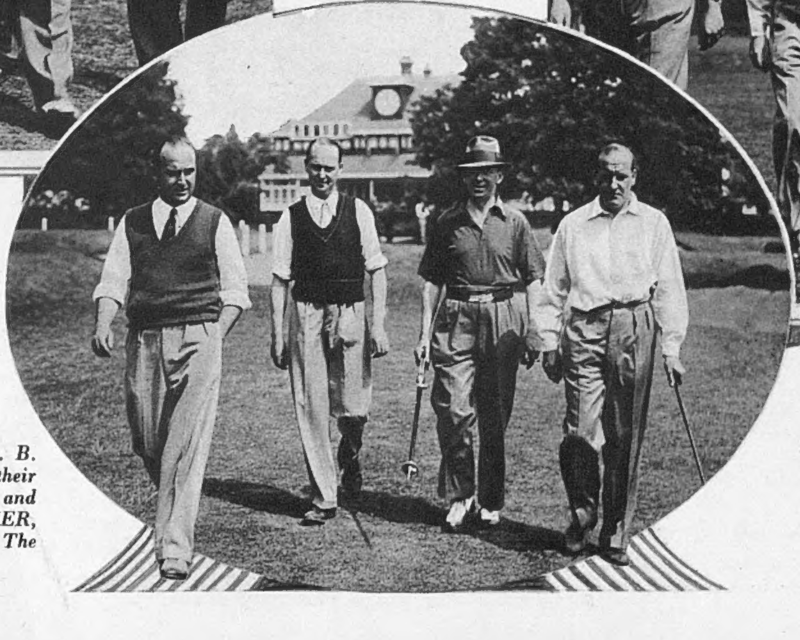
MAJOR S. K. THORBURN (Windham) and the HON. WILLIAM BROWNLOW (Turf) are seen (l. to r.). Major Thorburn and his partner won the match.

MR. ROGER WETHERED (Bath) and MR. J. B. BECK (Conservative) are seen in the course of their match. The Bath Club pair lost.

MR. P. D. MILLER and MR. W. L. STEELE (Guards) beat MR. REX HARTLEY and MR. JOHN DE FOREST (Bachelors), the winners of the trophy in 1933, in the third round of the Bath Club Cup Inter-Club Foursomes at Sunningdale, by one hole.



MR. T. A. TORRANCE (Junior Carlton Club), MR. J. H. CANNON (Sports), MR. G. ILLINGWORTH (Sports), and Mr. G. D. HANNAY (Junior Carlton) met in the third round. The Junior Carlton won, and then defeated the Union in the semi-final. In the final they beat the Conservative.



(Right) MR. G. A. HILL and MR. N. H. B. THOMPSON (Public Schools) and their opponents, MR. A. D. STOCKS, C.B., and LIEUT.-COMMANDER M. McMASTER, R.N. (Ret.) (Union), starting their round. The Union beat the Public Schools.

A PLANTAGENET BEAUTY QUEEN GOES 1934.

She doesn't have to have her tunes all "canned," as she can play herself. This photograph shows how she does her hair when she is her 1934 self.

A contemporary dress of organdie and a 1934 hat suit MISS INNES as well as her Runnymede wimple.

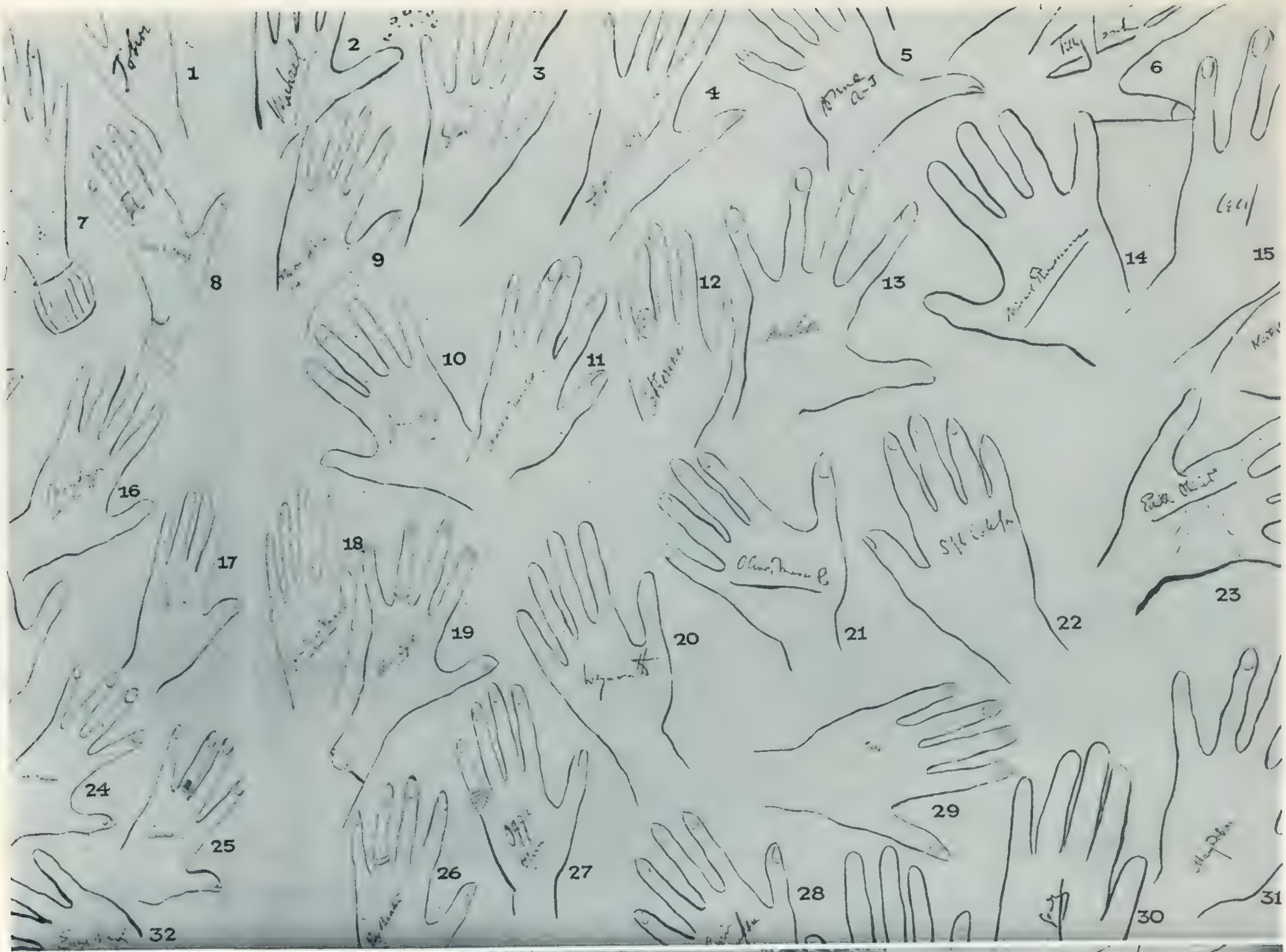
MISS VERONICA INNES was Lady Holland, the Queen of Beauty in the Plantagenet Episode of the Runnymede Pageant, alternately with Miss J. Powell. She is as charming a Miss 1934 as she was moyenage Queen of Beauty. She is here gardening at her home.

She is a keen amateur artist, and is here doing a water-colour sketch. Her spaniel is not very interested in art.

The Queen of Beauty has a pair of trousers in her gardening outfit. This would have shocked the Plantagenets considerably!

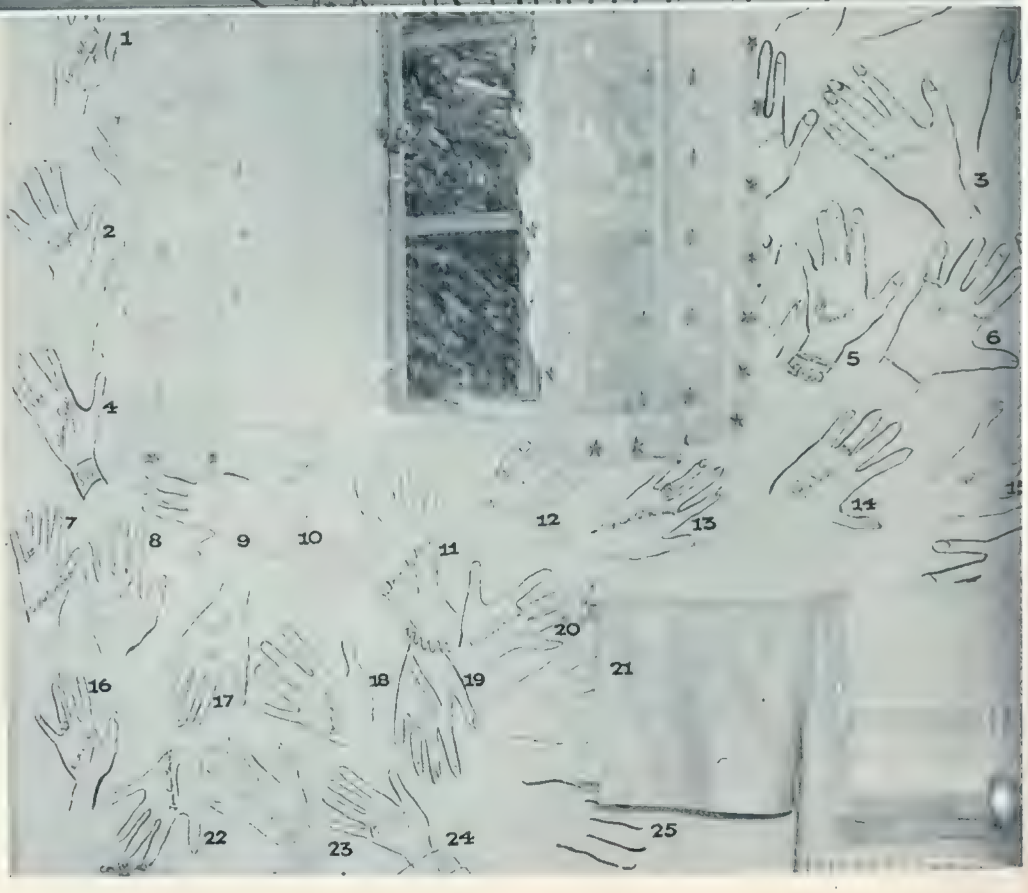
(Right) Miss Veronica Innes is, naturally, a motorist. Her car still has its Runnymede parking ticket attached.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA.



The wall decoration in Mr. Cecil Beaton's bath-room at his country home in Wiltshire takes the original form of outlines of the hands of his friends, who include many distinguished artists and social celebrities! We have numbered each hand with a tiny figure on the right for purposes of identification. The hands in this photograph of a section of the wall are: (1) Augustus John, R.A. (2) Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith, Bt. (3) The Earl of Jersey. (4) Viscountess Weymouth. (5) Mrs. Armstrong-Jones. (6) Miss Tilly Losch. (7) Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper. (8) Mme. de Janzé. (9) Miss Marjorie Detrichs. (10) Mr. James Beck. (11) Mr. Charlie James. (12) Baroness d'Erlanger. (13) Mr. Rex Whistler. (14) Mr. Michael Rosenauer. (15) Mr. Cecil Beaton. (16) Lady Mary Lygon. (17) Mrs. Arthur James. (18) Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell. (19) The Hon. Mrs. James Beck. (20) Viscount Weymouth. (21) Mr. Oliver Messel. (22) Lady Colefax. (23) Miss Edith Olivier. (24) Miss Lisa Maugham. (25) Mrs. Chattock. (26) Mrs. Ernest Beaton. (27) Miss Oggie Lynn. (28) Mrs. Somerset Maugham. (29) Miss Baba Beaton. (30) Mr. Siegfried Sassoon. (31) Mrs. Frank Dobson.

(Right) A further section of Mr. Beaton's bath-room wall, with its friendly finger-prints. The hands shown are: (1) Lady Cynthia Mosley. (2) Lady Alington. (3) Miss Kit Dunne. (4) Miss Olive Snell (Mrs. Eben Pike). (5) Lady Mendl. (6) Mr. Johnnie McMullen. (7) Lady Charles Cavendish. (8) Mr. Henry Morrison. (9) Mr. Jack Wilson. (10) Miss Honey Harris. (11) Mr. Beverley Nichols. (12) Lord Brownlow. (13) Viscountess Castlerosse. (14) Mrs. Peter Thursby. (15) Miss Willis. (16) Mrs. Myrtle d'Erlanger. (17) Countess Munster. (18) Mr. Charles Sweeny. (19) Lady Patricia Ward. (20) The Hon. Mrs. David Tennant. (21) Mrs. Osbert Lancaster. (22) Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell. (23) Lady Stavordale. (24) Mrs. Corrigan. (25) Mr. Peter Quennell.



HANDS ON THE BEATON BATH-ROOM WALLS!

CECIL BEATON'S BEDROOM, HIS GUESTS AND HIS FANTAILS.

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1. *"Sketch" readers will be interested to hear that we will shortly begin publication of a brilliant series of "INTIMATE STUDIES OF FILM STARS," BY MR. CECIL BEATON, the well-known photographer artist and writer. On this page we show him at home with a house-party at Ashcombe House, Tollard Royal, Wilts. The names are (l. to r.) MISS TILLY LOSCH, MRS. HARCOURT SMITH, SIR ALFRED BEIT, Bt. (behind statue), LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH (standing), MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD, PRINCESS PALEY, LORD CHARLES CAVENDISH, MR. J. R. SUTRO, MR. HARCOURT SMITH, and (standing) the HOST.*
2. *Mr. Cecil Beaton's bedroom is decorated with CIRCUS FIGURES. The Harlequin is by himself, the Fat Lady by Mr. Rex Whistler, and the Negro by Mr. Oliver Messel.*
3. *The bed in Mr. Beaton's Circus Bedroom is made from relics of a fair.*
4. *LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH, PRINCESS NATALIE PALEY, MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD, MISS TILLY LOSCH, and MR. CECIL BEATON.*

LONDON ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

Their Majesties the KING and QUEEN OF SIAM recently honoured LORD and LADY SACKVILLE by visiting Knole, their historic and beautiful seat at Sevenoaks. Our group shows (l. to r.) Lady Sackville, the King of Siam, the Queen of Siam, and Lord Sackville.

The new DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON is here seen posed with her daughter, LADY ANNE RHYS. Her husband, formerly the Marquess of Douro, has just succeeded to the title on the death of his father, the fourth Duke, who was eighty-five years of age.

MISS GABRIELLE ADAMS, daughter of Mrs. Adams, was presented at the fourth Court by Mrs. William Graham. She wore silver sprayed lamé, with a Grecian sunrayed skirt. Her blue-white velvet train was lined with the silver lamé.

LADY CLERK, wife of Sir George Clerk, the British Ambassador in Paris, is here seen at the exhibition of work by living English painters in Paris. She is herself a talented artist. She is a daughter of the late Mr. Edward Robson Whitwell.

INSTEAD of relaxing before Ascot, the debs added charity to their burdens and went to Lady Ipswich's for a Puff Ball meeting. We persist in calling this July event the Nose Dance, but are much impressed by the youth of those concerned, and their determination to make it " news " in spite of rival causes and flagging energies. Anstice Crawley, Lady Patricia St. Clair, several Hendersons and Gibbses, plus Alethea Talbot, Anne Vesey, Amalia Demetriadi, who 's as pretty as her mother, Sophie Trafford, and the Ladies Romayne Cecil and Jane FitzRoy are involved. The cabaret 's coming from New York, Paris, and Shaftesbury Avenue in sections. The band will have a shorter journey to the Ritz from the Florida.

Those who secretly wilted at fork luncheons, and those who prefer eating with a knife when peas are " in," will welcome the passing of these functions, now nearly as old-fashioned as bottle parties. Both suited the depression, filling us with a sense of false economy and righteous drawing-in of horns. A new sort of hen lunch, with delectable cold foods on a sideboard (when will a benefactor remove *buffet* from the language, or pronounce it to rhyme with Miss Muffet without giggling to indicate italics ?) and nearly twenty guests at little tables, was given by Mrs. Tommy Hutchison, who 's moving from Charles Street to Green Street in the fall. Clothes were smart, but, as we noticed again at Newbury, neither frankly frilly nor agreeably severe. Because of tariff walls we 're more influenced by Movieville than Paris, consequently *la ligne* suffers an unfortunate *détour*.

Lady Lyons, Mrs. Ernest Coats, Mrs. Jimmy Weir, Mrs. John Bethell, Mrs. Daubeny, Mrs. Alec Roberts, Mrs. Richards, mother of Lady Jersey; Mrs. Dierks, a much-about American; Mrs. Cuthbert Stewart, Miss Nancy Rankin, sister of the hostess; Lady Sackville, in state of excitement about the Siam royal visit to Knole; Lady Claud Hamilton, whose silver hair, height, and young complexion recall Lady Furness; Mrs. Jim Hamilton, and Mrs. John Hopkinson were mixed up. The last-named, like Lady Glentanar, is a Swedish addition to British beauty. Her brother-in-law, Henry Hopkinson, married Alice Eno, of New York, whose step-mother, *née* Flora Napier, married Rupert Mitford as her second husband.

We like talking to Mrs. Weir because she's genuinely diffident and what men call " a good listener." We like listening to Lady Sackville because she's vivacious without wearing out the audience. This time her subject was the delights of Thelma Cazalet's party in Kent, at which Princess Alice was an honoured guest. Tidbits from various *tuyaux*: Esmond Harmsworth danced with a magnificent Mrs. Smith from America. Lord Athlone had his pockets rifled by Gilli-Gilli. Some felt the cold and refused to dance in the dew. Others were quite warm, thank you. Each house-party enjoyed complicated local gossip. Lady Brownlow never took off her tippet. Victor Cazalet marshalled everybody like a would-be Whip.

Cocktail parties haven't abated. At Admiral Arthur and Mrs. Snagge's, the balcony overlooking the Thames was decorated with Naval flags, irises, and purple basket-chairs. With the aid of a delightful Admiral we attempted to diagnose three statues in the garden below and resolved to read Sitwell on London monuments. Those living monuments of the Season, Lady Huntly and her son, Arthur Bradley Campbell, moved on to the Wendells; also Mrs. Converse.

We mustn't enlarge on Newbury with Ascot as this article's *bonne bouche*. The best clothes were the simplest. Mary Collins's cream linen three-quarter coat, slit up the centre back (very new), and skirt with bright red shirt, was excellent. Lady Sibell Lygon's black satin shirt with cream linen suit rather extreme, like the aftermath of a Fascist meeting; and Lord Valentia's suit with broad back panel and no centre slit very exclusive. The going was cruel. The topics were shortage of hay—" What AM I to do with the horses ? "—and water—" We're having baths two days running on account of the races." Lady Poulett didn't even arrive for the third race. A big disappointment. Nor did anyone wear Newmarket boots. We agreed with Lady Skipwith that this was the only Newbury within memory, hot or cold, at which these failed to tramp. Mrs. Trevor Lewis, who never goes racing; Lady Brecknock, who isn't exactly a regular; and the Hugh Smileys arm-in-arm, as always, were included in what the ticket-collector described as " a tidy few."

We were disappointed in the White City, but not in the thrills of rodeo, having childishly expected everything to be white, not a grubby shade

of Shepherd's Bush grey. Only Lord Castlerosse's waistcoat was virginal and some of the cowboys' sweeping hats. Will their loud-speaking shirts and swaggering, outlawed look communicate itself to fashions, male and female? We hope so. Will Eddie FitzClarence win a fiver, as he did in the Wembley rodeo for sticking on a broncho in a lounge suit? We hope so. Will the Duke of Leinster invite us to meet his old prairie pal Tex Austin? We hope so.

ASCOT TUESDAY. One shower and many gusts reduced fashions to an unhappy medium. With the exception of her Majesty's light jade toque—a happy touch—hats were not decorative. Big ones blew off. Little ones sat on disordered curls. Coats came off and on, and favourites failed.

On the lighter side of the programme were the following items—

Lady Inchape in long black and white taffeta.

Her mother the Ranee of Sarawak's white ermine tippet.

Miss Valerie Brooke's twin tippet.

Lady Warrender's smile under a cornflower hat.

The Captain of Dunstaffnage not in the kilt.

"Tiny" Sword all in tartan.

Lady Chichester and Peta Davis arm in arm, the former's arms in mittens.

Lady Dalrymple-Champneys' flowing orange organdie.

The christening of the infant daughter of the HON. PATRICK and MRS. MOYNIHAN at St. Margaret's. LORD MOYNIHAN is holding the baby, JULIET JANE MARGARETTA MOYNIHAN.

LADY ROSE LEVESON-GOWER, sister of the Duchess of York, opened the charity sale and fête in aid of the British Sailors Society at Eskhill, the home of Mrs. Drummond.

The marriage of MISS MURIEL HERD, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Herd, of Balnacraig, Broughty Ferry, Dundee, to Mr. Joseph Murray Wilkie, took place recently at St. Stephen's Church, Broughty Ferry. Mr. Herd, who is a well-known and popular personality in Scotland, is managing director of the Distillers Company, Ltd.

Lord Glanely's buttonhole, which seems to shrink after Johnstone's failure on Colombo. Condolences.

An American hostess's pseudo-Chinese coat.

Prince George's frequent Paddock appearances.

Countess Paul Munster's determined stride.

Miss Pam Baker wearing the only dress and coat we sincerely coveted, except Lady Rosebery's.

"Rag" strawberries and cream.

Miss Delia Crossley and Miss Kirsty Nelson laying plans in the Ladies' Cloakroom for a flight to the Grand Prix.

Lady Hay bemoaning Sir Duncan's absence at Swinley.

Hundreds of wives making excuses for hundreds of husbands who preferred work or play to Ascot.

That night the Fanes gave a particularly pleasant dance for their daughter Dorothy, who has hair the colour of ripe corn, and rosy cheeks not out of a box. She wore a spray of orchids from an unknown admirer, and carried a posy from her mother. Her brother's a fine oar, and there was much advance Henley chatter from his Cambridge friends, who formed a double stag-line. The best-looking young man was Mr. Eric Russell, whose Grenadier battalion is at Aldershot. One of his partners was Miss "Betsy" Baring, who's adorably pretty, though less classically handsome than her sister Audrey, now recovering from illness in a Park Lane home.

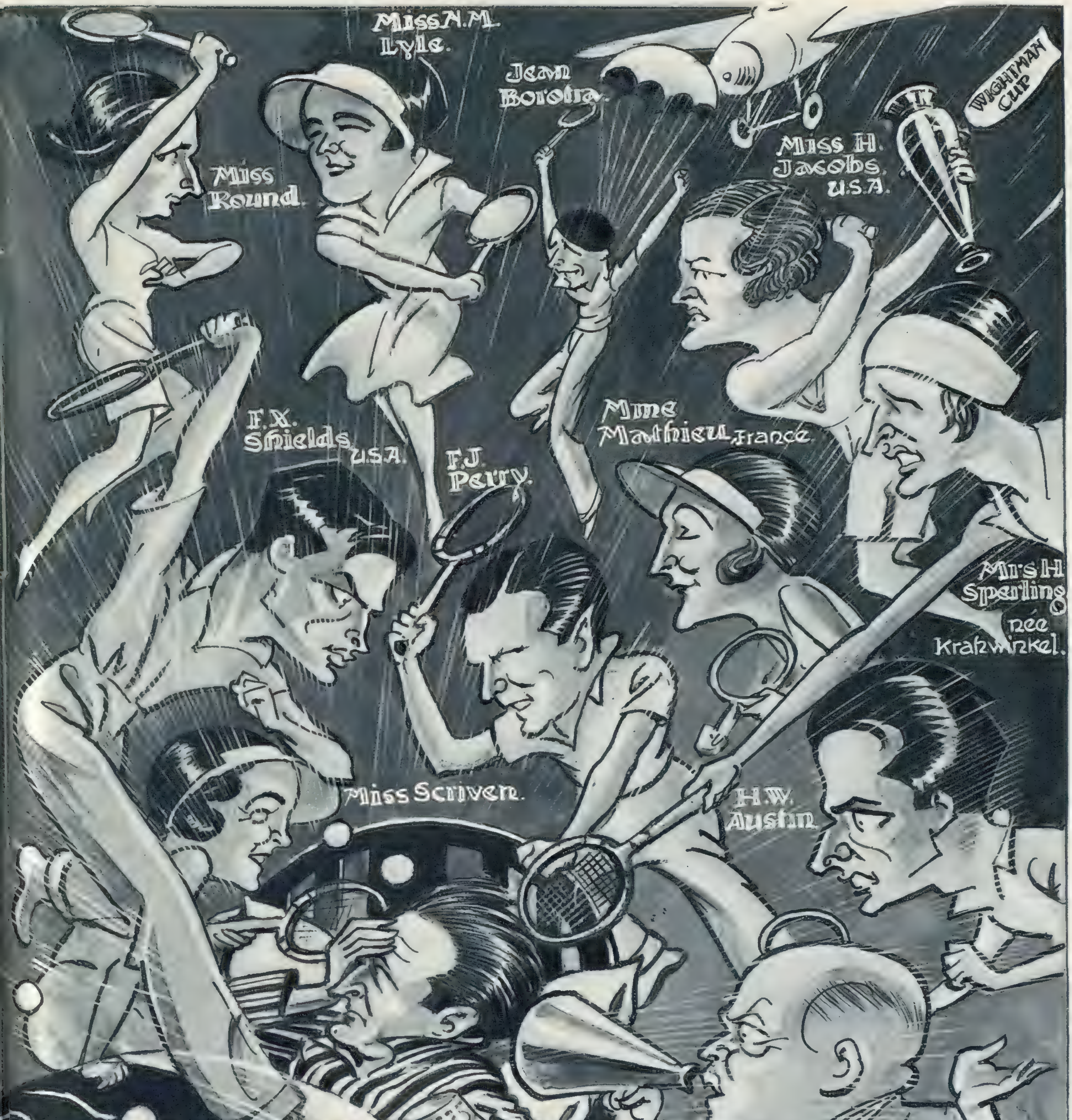
ASCOT WEDNESDAY. TELEPHONED FROM THE COURSE.

Hullo, *Sketch*! The future Lady Bridport repeated yesterday's success with an ideal white suit *très sport* and dark blue accessories, including long gloves. The Marlborough Tent queue was uncomfortably long. Pretty Mrs. Peter Kindersley and her sister, Mrs. Plunket, gave up in despair.

The "Tote" paid 155 to 1 on Caymanas, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Woodhouse were on it. They are a charming and popular young couple, so we're all glad. Lady Jersey, the Hunter sisters, and Miss Jean Combe had the four prettiest big hats. Cicely Courtneidge, in the Paddock, was bemoaning a series of losers with her usual cheerfulness. Lady Willoughby de Broke, in white and wine print, was a sight for eyes sore from watching the wrong number go up.

MARCHESA MARCONI, wife of the famous inventor, presented the prizes at the annual sports of the Marconi Athletic Club at New Malden. The Marchese is in the background, seated on extreme right. The Marchesa was the Countess Bezzi-Scali.

THE NIGHTMARE OF A CHAMPION; AS SEEN BY OUR CARICATURIST.



Our Caricaturist went into a trance and produced this racy impression of a Centre Court star's pre-Wimbledon dream. Not that Mr. Jack Crawford—ranked No. 1 in the Lawn Tennis world—could ever appear so dazed as he is shown, even with so many other stars driving, volleying, and whirling round him, and Miss Jacobs waving the Wightman Cup over his head. The opening of the great championships gives ardent students not only many thrills, but a chance to study the varied styles of famous players, and perhaps to improve their own!

BY. MAC.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

This 6-lb. PIRA was caught in the Rio das Velhas, Brazil. It is the hardest-fighting, most beautiful, and best-eating fish in Brazilian waters. When fresh from the water the pira is exactly the colour of the big metallic blue Morpho butterflies. From the lateral line upwards the richness of the colour increases towards the back; on the lower side the blue is gradually shaded into pearly white. The fish's eye is quite uncanny: in the light of a lantern it blazes like a red-hot coal.

Two Brazilian Fishes. Last December in Brazil, after Mr. A. G. N. Chalmers caught his last big fish—the 76-lb. loango shown on this page—there was the heaviest rainfall for many years, and the river rose more than 20 ft. The rain stopped suddenly in early January, and a drought followed. Thirty-two days without a drop of rain, and blazing sun all the time, instead of the usual wettest period of the year, resulted in the ruin of all the crops. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Chalmers complains that the fishing has been worse than he ever remembers it. He states that even the fish have behaved differently, great numbers leaving their customary quarters in search of deeper water, as though sensing the risk of remaining.

The loango is the largest Brazilian fish that gives sport on rod and line, and puts up a very stubborn fight. "One of the most gorgeous fish these rivers produce, and without exception the hardest fighting fish for its size found here," is Mr. Chalmers' description of the pira. Although it does not leap like the dourado, Mr. Chalmers reckons the pira is a much tougher proposition to land than any dourado of the same weight; added to which it must be taken on gut, which a dourado would cut in a second. Though most Brazilian fish are very poor eating and bony, some are excellent, and the pira is the best of the lot, closely resembling turbot in flavour and consistency. Mr. Chalmers has only succeeded in landing one of the few he has hooked, the others breaking away with the most astonishing ease and rapidity. His father landed quite a number, ranging from 3 lb. to 8 lb.

The 76-lb. LOANGO taken in Rio das Velhas by Mr. A. G. N. Chalmers in early December, 1933.

"Sea Fishing." With the publication of "Sea Fishing," the fishing volumes of the Lonsdale Library appear to be complete. The three previous volumes covered angling for salmon, trout, and coarse fish. The latest volume maintains the high standard of the Library, and, as far as the reading matter is concerned, has a distinct advantage, for it bears the hall-mark of the B.S.A.S. The majority of the writers contributing to this volume are members of the British Sea Anglers' Society, including the Editor, Mr. A. E. Cooper. He deserves credit for the way he has planned and carried out a most difficult task, and I doubt if any substantial criticism can be levelled at his work. With its thirty-eight chapters, 350 pages, and weight of 2¼ lb., this "Sea Fishing" volume cannot be taken lightly. The greater part of the book is taken up by the commoner edible fishes—how to catch them and, in some cases, how to cook them. Under this heading I include the interesting chapter on "Tunny Fishing," by Fred Taylor. Another form of big-game fishing in home waters which has received little publicity is described by C. S. Patterson and the Marquess of Sligo in the chapter on the porbeagle and the blue shark. The book is not confined to fishing in home waters, as there are chapters on South Africa, New Zealand, the tarpon, and the bone-fish—the gamest fighting fish in the world.

Serious Menace to the River Wye. Is the River Wye to be canalised? I put this question to all who are interested in this beautiful and prolific salmon river. It is no idle question, for I have information, on absolutely reliable authority, that plans are already in hand for a scheme for river clearance between Bigsweir and Monmouth, which involves lowering the bed in certain places in a total distance of 5600 ft.—well over a mile. This preliminary scheme will cost about £30,000, and is based on a comprehensive report on the whole of the Wye which recommends a most drastic scheme of river clearance—doing away with all groins, croys, weirs, both natural and artificial, etc., and in some places short-circuiting of the river. The Wye Catchment Board is responsible for the scheme, and it is acting under the powers conferred on catchment boards by the Land Drainage Act, 1930. Section 62 in the Act provides for the safeguarding of fishery values, but I am given to understand that the Clerk of the Catchment Board claims that other sections of the Act can override Section 62. If this is so, and the whole scheme is carried through, what will be the effect on the value of Wye salmon-fishings? A scheme of this kind is nearing completion on the River Bann, in Ireland, and correspondents have written to me very despondently of the effect it has had on the Bann fishings. The contractor who is doing the work on the Bann has purchased a well-known fishery on the Wye, and is stated to be negotiating for one of the principal fisheries in the neighbourhood of Bigsweir.

Impatient Fish. A friend who fished Lough Fern, Co. Donegal, a few weeks ago tells me that he has just heard from his boatman there that an angler hooked a salmon which almost immediately jumped into the boat. On top of this a South African correspondent sends me a report of a 30-lb. baracouda chasing mullet in Durban Bay at high spring tide. One mullet, in desperation, leapt out of the water and landed on the wharf beside an angler, and the baracouda promptly followed suit. This happened after the angler had been fishing for two hours without a bite. What did he do? Well, what would you do in the circumstances? A word of warning, though: if this should happen to you and the fish chances to be a salmon—put it back, or you may be fined, as a man was not long ago when he kept a salmon which leapt into his boat.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Anglers at Torbay had great sport with mackerel on June 14. Catches of fifty fish were plentiful, and every available boat was requisitioned.

The Sixth Annual Casting Tournament of the Llandrindod Wells Angling Association is to be held on July 25.

Boat anglers are having good takes of skate, dabs, and plaice off Deal.

R. L. MARSTON.

1. After an excellent and keenly contested game, Aurora, the American polo team, beat the Army Aldershot Command Team by seven goals to six. MME. DAVEY, MRS. E. FANSHAWE, *and* MRS. GOSLING *are included in this group.*

2. Watching the play was chilly work at times. MR. H. H. HOWARD, MRS. ELMER BOESEKE *(wife of Aurora's No. 3),* MRS. H. H. HOWARD, *and* MRS. KNOX *are well wrapped up.*

3. MRS. TREMAYNE, MRS. ALLEN SWINTON, *and* CAPTAIN TREMAYNE.

4. PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, BRIGADIER BULLOCK-MARSHAM *and the* Earl of MACDUFF, *son of Prince and Princess Arthur (l. to r.).*

5. SIR HERBERT CAYZER, Bt., LADY CAYZER *(centre), and* MRS. WOOTON.

6. A group of the combined teams. The Aldershot Command side consisted of CAPTAIN B. J. FOWLER, *No. 1;* CAPTAIN M. P. ANSELL, *No. 2;* CAPTAIN G. H. FANSHAWE, *No. 3; and* MAJOR E. D. FANSHAWE, *back. The Aurora team is* MR. W. POST, *back;* MR. S. H. KNOX, *No. 2;* MR. H. E. TALBOTT, *No. 1; and* MR. E. J. BOESEKE, *No. 3. (l. to r.)*

AURORA BEATS THE ARMY AT ALDERSHOT.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

IT was almost as hard to keep your hat on at Ascot on the first two days as it was to find winners. What with the favourites flopping and the flat crowns gliding, everything was very difficult. Lady Patricia Mackay had mastered the secret of hat control, for her huge flat black model, rather like a monster gramophone record, worn at an acute angle, remained as firm as a rock on her head.

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What impressed me most at the meeting was the grace with which Lady Pembroke executed the difficult manœuvre of curtseying backwards downstairs after having been to lunch in the Royal Box. Lady Carew-Pole, whose china-blue outfit was one of Wednesday's best, also had the honour of a command to lunch with their Majesties, this being, I think, the first occasion on which she has received one at Ascot. Mrs. Ronald Greville was another of the royal guests. She wore a toque of blue petals, and a black and white dress. After lunch she remained in animated conversation with her Majesty for a while.

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MR. KENNETH CLARK, the Director of the National Gallery, opened the Exhibition of Pictures in Advertising by Shell-Mex and B.P., Ltd., at the New Burlington Galleries. He and MRS. CLARK are looking at the pictures.

On the first day few members of the royal party came into the Paddock, but on Wednesday I saw the Duke of Connaught with Lady Moira Cavendish, and the Duchess of Northumberland with Prince Arthur of Connaught. The Prince of Wales, whose yellow carnation was a very fine specimen, did not, I think, go to the Paddock at all.

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I do not know how many people got the "Tote" double on the different days, but a rather unsought dress double was brought off by Lady Lisburne and another woman. Both had chosen the same really lovely printed chiffon with a pattern of mauve and pink poppies. Lady Lisburne's hat was trimmed with ciré poppies to match the design of the material.

MRS. CLIVE LOEHNIS, MRS. BUTLER, and the HON. MRS. DUDLEY RYDER are posed in the sunshine at Shroton House, Dorset, which Mrs. Dudley Ryder has taken for the summer. She is the mother of Mrs. Loehnis. Mrs. Butler is the wife of Brigadier S. S. Butler, Kaid of the Sudan Defence Force.

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Lady Weigall, who came in her wheel-chair, was in excellent looks and spirits. No wonder, for she won £150 in one bet, and her husband was a good second, for he had a pound each way on Hands Off and won £60 or so on the first day. I hope that Lord Macclesfield, who was to be seen in the 2s. "Tote" queue, made some equally good speculations. But to return to Lady Weigall, she tells me that she is off to Australia in the autumn, and is looking forward to the voyage and the visit.

VISCOUNT HASTINGS, VISCOUNTESS HASTINGS, MR. ALEC WAUGH, MRS. ALEC WAUGH, and MRS. ARMITAGE are enjoying the recent heat-wave at the Waughs' house in Kent, near Canterbury. Mr. Alec Waugh's latest book, "The Balliols," has been having a big success. Lord and Lady Hastings have just come back to England after having spent several years in Tahiti, California, and Mexico.

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Mrs. Edward Wyndham and Mrs. Ronnie Trew both wore the new gold ear-clips; Mrs. Sweeny was one of the best-dressed race-goers on the first day, in a well-made navy and white dress; and Lady Jersey was equally *chic* in brown and white. The Duchess of Portland matched her tiny cap of white gardenias with a spray of the real kind; Lady Smiley had two shaded plum-coloured carnations in the centre of her simple checked silk frock; Mrs. Micklethwaite's Cattleya orchids were the largest ever seen, and Miss Henrietta Bingham's the most austere Ascot suit.

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There was a thrilled and silent audience at the first night of the Russian Ballet at Covent Garden, though I *did* hear a plaintive whisper, "I do wish we could have the lights up," emanating from a neighbour in the stalls during the long overture to the "Lac des Cygnes." Immense enthusiasm was roused by the performance, and it was said with fruit as well as with flowers and bravos. One of the offerings consisted of a basket of dessert arranged round a fine big pineapple.

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The Royal Box was occupied by Lord Queenborough and a party, and royalty in the persons of Princesses Helena Victoria and Marie Louise were in the stalls. Lady Melchett, in a sparkling white dress which suited her crocus pale hair; Lady Oxford, active in grey; and a Ruthven twin, vivid in a flowered frock, were all to be seen. I also met Mr. Beverley Nichols, well tanned from his gardening exploits; and Lord Berners, our composer peer, whose "First Childhood" was one of the big laughs of the winter.

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Mr. Kenneth Clark has all the gifts. Not only is his learning considerable and his years comparatively few, but he is an admirable orator. His "few words" at the opening of the Pictures in Advertising Exhibition at the New Burlington Gallery was a model of what such speeches should be, and so seldom are. There was both wit and information in it. Mr. Clark is enthusiastic over the particular work we had come to see, pictures by well-known modern artists to illustrate the now famous Shell-Mex and B. P. slogans. McKnight Kauffer and Rex Whistler are only two of the many artists exhibiting, and the show does make one realise that our London walls are frescoed by artists of distinction.

Perhaps one day we shall collect posters! Anyway, Mr. Clark feels that it is essential for artists to get the patronage of the public, as this will make for a higher standard of art as rich men grow fewer and more ignorant. A number of artists went to the Private View, and I also noticed Mr. Manson, of the Tate Gallery, and Lady Hastings and her daughter, Barbara.

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The piano was draped in red and white Spanish shawls, and there were bowers of rambler roses on either side of the platform, at the Wigmore Hall for the recital of Conchita Supervia. This very vivid background would have been disastrous for a less vivid personality, but in the case of this highly vital Spanish singer it proved most becoming. Not

content with this, Mme. Supervia wore appropriate clothes for the different song-groups. For the seven Spanish songs by De Falla, she had a Bata Flamenca dress, white with touches of vivid red, a large red fan, and a Spanish comb. Her earrings, bracelets, and rings were of coral and diamonds. For the Jewish-Spanish group, in contrast to this somewhat flamboyant style, she was demure. A white muslin coif hid her hair completely, and she had a simple brown dress with a pinkish cloak. For the group of "The seven most important rhythms of Andalusian and Gitan Folklore," the costume she chose was a black flounced dress with touches of yellow. There were yellow orchids in her hair, and she wore diamond earrings, rings, and bracelets. For this last group she was accompanied most admirably by the Spanish guitarist Cuenca.

A large and most enthusiastic audience included Miss Ruth Draper, seated in the front row of the stalls; Miss Harriet Cohen, in a scarlet dress; Violet Lady Melchett, and Mr. Mark Hambourg. Instead of sending the usual bouquet, Miss Cohen presented Mme. Supervia with a little wooden box from Jerusalem.

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Have you ever heard of a singing lecturer? It was quite a new one on me when I went to Mrs. Emil Mond's house, lent to the India Society for the evening, to hear Dr. Arnold Bake, a young Dutchman who has spent most of the last ten years collecting material for a book on traditional Indian music. He has a fine voice, so was able to illustrate his lecture with fragments of the songs he described, some of the most interesting being those he discovered with the help of Sir Akbar Hydari in Hyderabad.

Dr. Bake's lecture "went over big," as they say in the film world. I was interested to hear that it was four years before he had dared to attempt to sing any of the songs, so difficult for a Western artist is the Indian method of singing. Lord Zetland presided, and I met Mrs. Alec Tweedie and Baron and Baroness de Lynden there.

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Lady Camrose's dance at Barrow Hills was simply perfect, for the house is spacious, and the gardens looked lovely all twinkling with fairy lights. Dancing went on till it was daylight, for the guests were all young, enthusiastic, and full of *joie de vivre*. Also the band was an inspiring one.

Prince George was present, and had Miss Sheila Berry, a daughter of the house, as partner for the first dance. Lady Pamela Smith was one of the prettiest girls to be seen, in a gay scarlet frock with a feather-edged cape. Lady Brougham and Vaux partnered Mr. Philip Kindersley more than once; Miss Jonné Briscoe George, in a white dress woven with gold threads, danced a lot with Derek Tangye. Lady Bridgett Poulett, Lady Gloria Vaughan, and all the débutantes and ex-débutantes were there, many of them in the new shimmery sequin frocks which look lovely but demand careful treatment if you don't want to lose your sequins and get a patchy look.

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The Horse Show Dinner rehearsal ball was the greatest fun. It opened with a dinner attended by such celebrities as Prince Bertil of Sweden, ex-King George of Greece, Lord and Lady Bearsted, and Lord and Lady Fortescue. Lady Bearsted had one of those lovely printed crêpe dresses, in white, with a big pattern in mauves and fuchsia-reds, and Lady Fortescue's rather "tailored" sapphire velvet was worn with a ribbed faille "dinner-jacket" in gay red. After dinner we had the dress rehearsal of the Horse Show.

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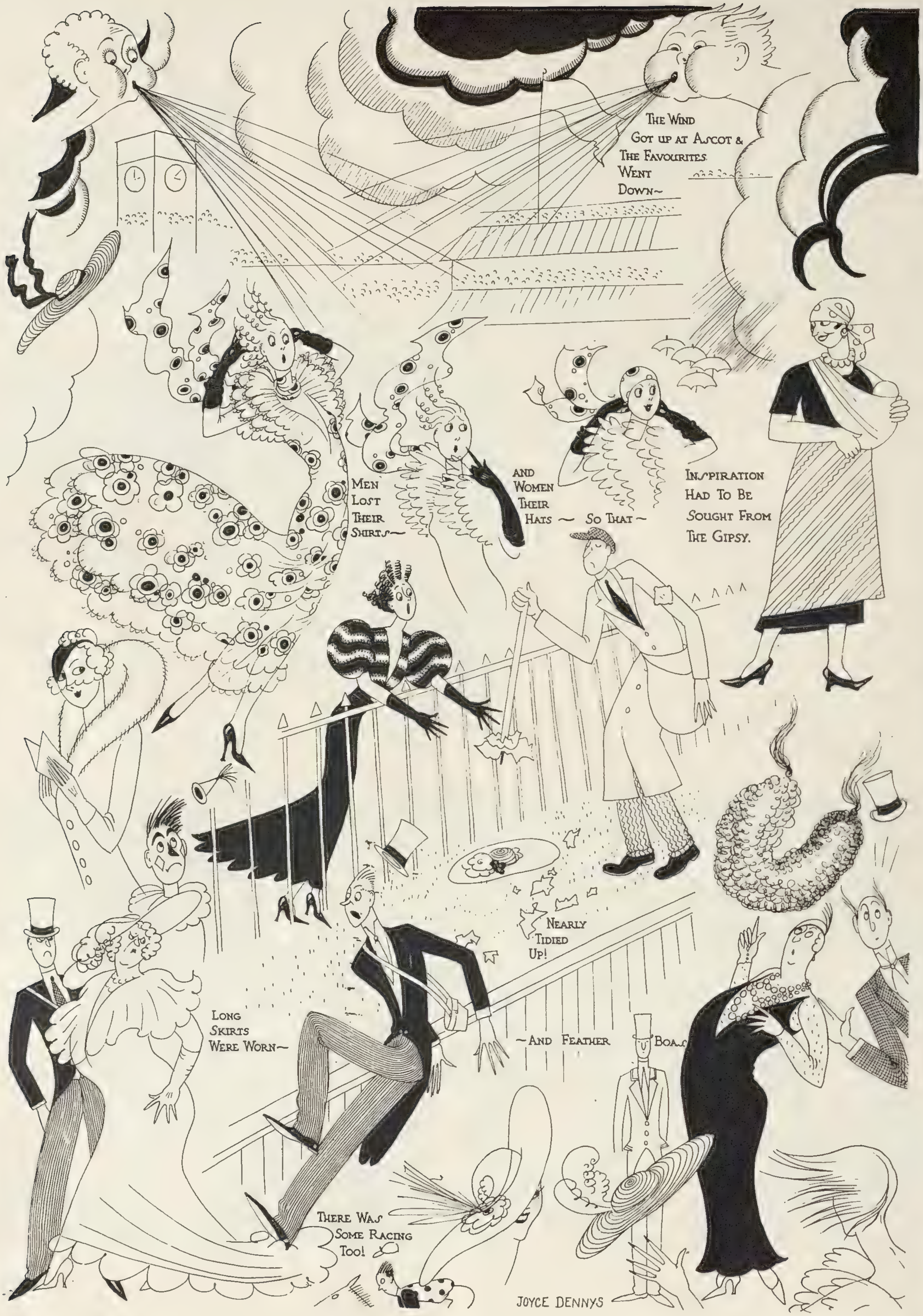
The War Veteran horses were highly popular. Lord Digby headed the procession, leading his own veteran mare, which has harness with her war record embroidered on it. We then "did" the stables, and finally reached the ballroom. MARIEGOLD.

LADY PATRICIA MACKAY, débutante daughter of the Earl of Inchcape, wore this hat on the Tuesday at Ascot.

LADY PATRICIA MACKAY'S hat on Hunt Cup day at Ascot was as striking as her choice for the first day.

THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP took place at North Berwick for the first time since 1905. Our group shows (l. to r., back row) Miss M. P. Watt, Mrs. Mercer, Mrs. W. S. Durward, Miss H. M. Forest, Miss Howie, Miss W. Morrison, Miss Nan Baird, Miss H. M. Johnston, Mrs. Ballantine, Miss Hitchman, Miss S. M. W. Miller, Mrs. H. E. Birbeck; (standing) Mrs. Eckford Wallace, Mrs. Mellis, Mrs. G. Coats, Miss C. M. Park, Mrs. W. Greenlees, Mrs. S. G. Rome, Miss M. Mellis, Mrs. Schouler Buchanan, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. Van Marle, Miss S. A. Walker, Mrs. Johnstone, Mrs. R. T. Peel; and (seated) Mrs. J. N. Duncan, Miss P. R. Montgomery, Miss J. McCulloch, Mrs. Dunlop Hill, Miss M. J. Couper (winner in 1933), Miss Elsie Grant-Suttie, Mrs. A. Holm (British Open Champion), Mrs. Percy, Mrs. J. B. Watson, Mrs. Wallace Williamson; (seated on ground) Miss V. Grahame, Miss S. Grahame, Miss K. Clark, Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. Cuthbertson, Mrs. Rutherford, Miss A. Hopwood, and Miss H. Skene. Miss Couper was beaten by Mrs. R. T. Peel in the third round. The finalists were Miss J. Anderson and Miss N. Baird.



JOYCE DENNYS REVIEWS ASCOT.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY JOYCE DENNYS.

V-8 SALOON DE LUXE (4 DOORS), £280, AT WORKS

A car to grace the grand occasions—the New V-8. There's a faultless style about it that cannot be outdone, wherever you go. And no one who has driven a V-8 forgets the breathless thrill . . . the amazing sports acceleration that lets you flash past your friends with a smile . . . the speed, and the smooth, wonderful silence.

Let us forward literature featuring other body-styles, including the V-8 Imperial Limousine (7-Seated), £395, at Works.

The Saloon de Luxe (2 Doors) is luxuriously comfortable internally, but restfully chaste in appointment and trimming, though the least costly 5-seated model of the New V-8, £255, at Works.

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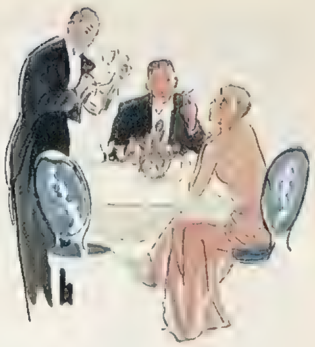

In Wines — it's Champagne

— in Tyres it's Goodyear

The Heavy Duty All-Weather Tread tyre by Goodyear may rightly claim kinship with everything that is the leader in its field. It is more than just an excellent tyre. It is built extravagantly, without regard to cost. It is the finest tyre that it is possible to make, and actually a much better one than normal need requires.

No car has ever travelled on such a silent, long-wearing tyre, with its Double Safety—safety against skids, safety against bursts.

Its reputation is steadily growing as knowledge of its worth becomes more widely spread.

BRITISH MADE — TO AN ENTIRELY NEW STANDARD OF QUALITY

Their Majesties' party in the Royal Box at Ascot on Gold Cup Day included notable foreign royalties as well as members of our own Royal Family. This group shows (l to r.) H.M. THE KING, H.M. THE KING OF SIAM, H.M. THE QUEEN OF SIAM, H.R.H. PRINCE GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS OF SWEDEN, H.M. THE QUEEN, H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, H.R.H. PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA, H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, H.R.H. PRINCESS JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS, H.R.H. PRINCE BERTIL OF SWEDEN, H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, ———, and (behind) H.R.H. PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

MR. WILLIAM GARTHWAITE and the HON. MRS. GARTHWAITE entertained a party at the Old Malt House, Bracknell, for Ascot. Our group shows MR. CHARLES SWEENY, MRS. CHARLES SWEENY (formerly Miss Margaret Whigham), the HON. MRS. IAN MACALPINE, elder daughter of Lord Bethell; the HON. MRS. EDWARD BARFORD, daughter of Lord Ashfield; the HOSTESS, only daughter of Lord Duveen; the HOST, and MR. EDWARD BARFORD.

THE ROYAL BOX ON CUP DAY; AND AN ASCOT HOUSE PARTY.

PHOTO OF MRS. GARTHWAITE'S PARTY BY SASHA.

BIG BRIMS, "HALOS," FURS, FEATHERS, CHECKS AND STRIPES, AND THEIR ASCOT WEARERS: A FASHION PARADE FROM GUSTY ASCOT.

4 5 6 7

12

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14

1. *MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH in a halo hat and a velvet wrap.*
2. *MR. and MRS. J. A. DEWAR. Her well-cut dress is very simple.*
3. *MRS. "IAN HAY" BEITH. Her dress was worn with a short cape.*
4. *LADY DIGBY wore a simple and successful ensemble. She and LORD FAIRHAVEN are walking briskly.*
5. *VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH resisted the large-hat fashion.*
6. *The EARL and COUNTESS OF INCHCAPE. Her taffeta dress was checked and her hat striped.*
7. *SIR WELDON and LADY DALRYMPLE - CHAMPNEYS. She realises that ostrich feathers are always becoming.*
8. *MRS. REGGIE SHEFFIELD, formerly Mrs. Glen Kidston, and the EARL OF NORMANTON.*
9. *LADY JOAN HOPE, LADY DIANA FINCH-HATTON, and the HON. DOUGLAS HUME.*
10. *VISCOUNT ADARE and the DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND. The Duchess's ermine scarf was very elegant.*
11. *SIR GERARD FULLER, BT., and LADY FIONA FULLER. Her ensemble was one of the nattiest of the second day.*
12. *The COOLIE HAT worn by a racegoer on the first day was one of the most remarkable fashions of the meeting.*
13. *MISS ROSEMARY DAVIDSON HOUSTON and MISS DOMVILLE-LEE were two young girls who came in fluffy organdie.*
14. *MISS ANNA MAY WONG, the America-Chinese film star, and MR. E. VANSITTART BOWATER patronise the buttonhole merchant.*

ASCOT broke the great drought of 1934! This unkind trick on the part of the weather was hardly fair to the big hats and long-skirted fluffy frocks which women wanted to wear. Some of them braved the elements by putting their finery on; others voted for comparative simplicity and comfort. Both schools of thought are illustrated on these pages.

FINE - INTERVAL PICTURES FROM THE SHOWERY ASCOT.

MISS SUSAN HENDERSON, débutante daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Alec Henderson, on a coach with MR. GARNETT.

MR. JOHN PLAYER and MRS. JOHN PLAYER (left) are well-known hunting people.

VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH had a very smart coat and skirt on Cup Day, with ermine trimming and ermine tail-fringes.

(Left) The PADDOCK in a fine interval on Gold Cup Day, but not fine enough to banish the wrap coats.

LADY WARRENDER in a big-brimmed hat and a simply-made dress.

MRS. JOHN MASON, formerly Miss Diana Coventry, in a moderate-sized hat and chic, plainly-cut dress.

LADY BLANCHE DOUGLAS, the HON. ARCHIBALD CUBITT, and MRS. KELLETT.

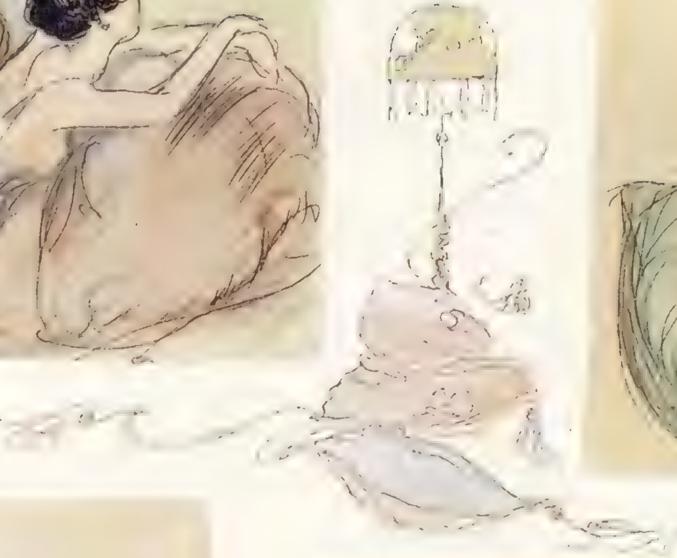
GRAN'POP HAS A LITTLE SCOTCH IN HIM.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

87° IN TI

DRAWN BY A.

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the offices of



THE SHADE.

A. K. MACDONALD.

f this paper (346, Strand, W.C. 2.) at the price of 10s. 6d. each; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each; postage 6d. extra.

service advtg. C 8.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE EARL OF CARRICK played the Earl of Carrick and beat him in the fifth round of the Parliamentary Golf Handicap at Sunningdale. This was rendered possible by the fact that the Irish peer, the Earl of Carrick (who sits in the House of Lords as Baron Butler of the United Kingdom) was drawn against the Prince of Wales, whose titles include the Scottish one of Earl of Carrick.

IN the recent heat-wave the POLICEMEN on traffic duty at Rochester were allowed to discard their tunics and regulate the traffic in their white shirts with open necks.

CAPTAIN R. G. H. NORMAN won a wager by playing ten rounds of non-stop golf at Stoke Poges in under a thousand shots, in 16½ hours. He walked over 45 miles, and only took four lemons and some water. His handicap is 18.

MR. CHARLES BITTINGER has painted the new mural decorations in Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in colours which are invisible to the human eye under normal light. Only ultra-violet rays render them visible.

The EARL OF CARRICK—FOR BEATING THE EARL OF CARRICK IN THE PARLIAMENTARY GOLF HANDICAP.

THIS POLICE CONSTABLE—FOR BEING A WHITE-SHIRT DICTATOR IN THE STREETS OF ROCHESTER.

LADY ASTOR is well known for her teetotal principles. However, at the historic Fyshinge Feaste at Burrator Reservoir, she consented to sip the wine which is handed round after the water with the toast, "May the descendants of him who brought us water never want wine." She subsequently remarked: "I can't understand why men leave home for this stuff."

THIRTY members of the FRENCH CANOEING SOCIETY crossed from Calais to Dover in their canoes. There were four lady members in the party.

VISCOUNTESS ASTOR, the teetotal M.P., FOR TAKING A SIP OF WINE AT A WATER FESTIVAL.

CAPTAIN R. F. H. NORMAN—FOR PLAYING TEN NON-STOP GOLF ROUNDS IN 960 SHOTS IN 16½ HOURS.

MR. CHARLES BITTINGER—FOR PAINTING INVISIBLE PICTURES.

THESE FOUR WOMEN MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH CANOE CLUB—FOR PADDLING ALL THE WAY FROM CALAIS TO DOVER.

"QUEEN OF SCOTS," by Gordon Daviot, at the New Theatre, is a bold attempt to stage the tragedy of the loveliest and most unlucky Royal Lady in history. The action opens with her landing at Leith from France on August 20, 1561. Bothwell (LAURENCE OLIVIER) kisses the hand of the Queen (GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES). Lord James Stuart (FELIX AYLMER), her half-brother, watches.

The music of Davie Rizzio (GEORGE HOWE) reminds the Queen of the gaiety and sunshine of the French Court, but the Scots nobles are determined to destroy the upstart.

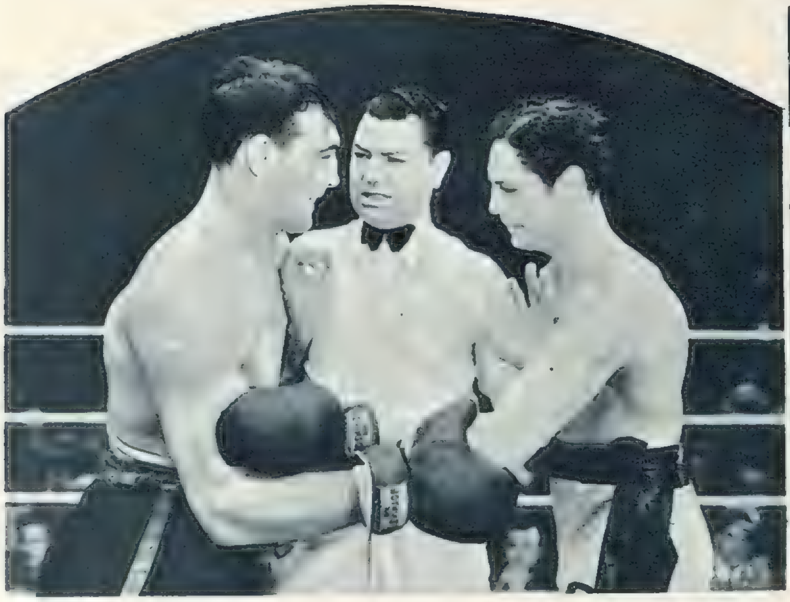
Bothwell (LAURENCE OLIVIER) woos his Queen (GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES) with rude violence.

The Queen, kidnapped by Bothwell, is roused to anger when she reads a letter from Lady Bothwell which suggests that husband and wife are an affectionate pair.

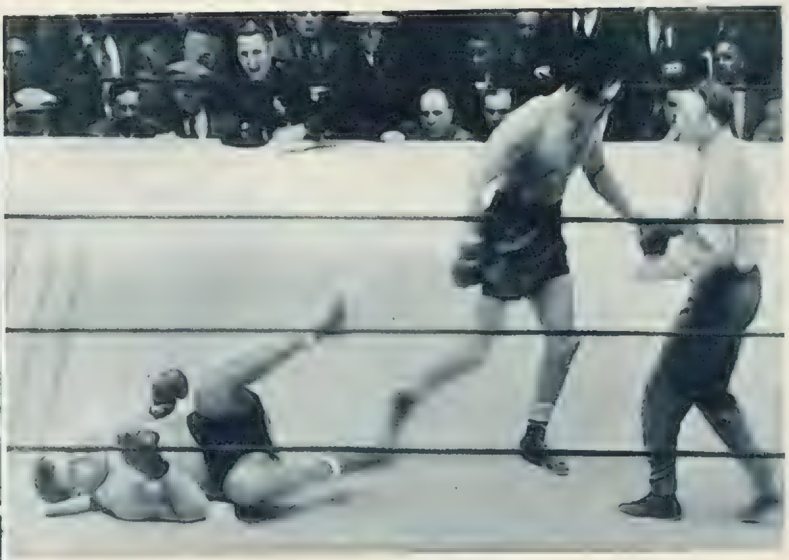
THE TRAGIC QUEEN DRAMATISED: "QUEEN OF SCOTS" WITH GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES AS MARY.

The grim dinner in Holyrood before the murder of Rizzio. Ruthven (NORMAN MACOWAN), Rizzio (GEORGE HOWE), Darnley, the Queen's worthless, dissolute husband (GLEN BYAM SHAW: standing), and Morton (FREDERICK LLOYD).

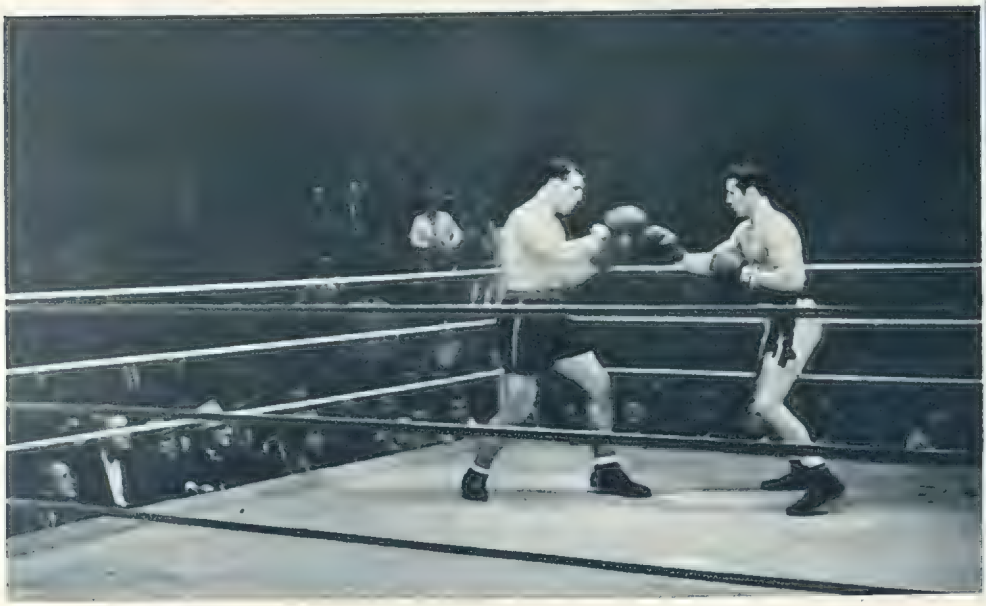
The prelude to the tragedy of Kirk o' Field. Darnley (LAURENCE OLIVIER) wakened by unannounced guests, in February 1567.



"EVERYWOMAN'S MAN" was a most prophetic picture. It featured a fight between PRIMO CARNERA and MAX BAER long before the two met in the ring, and Carnera lost the World's Heavyweight Championship in New York. JACK DEMPSEY is the man in the middle of this picture "still."



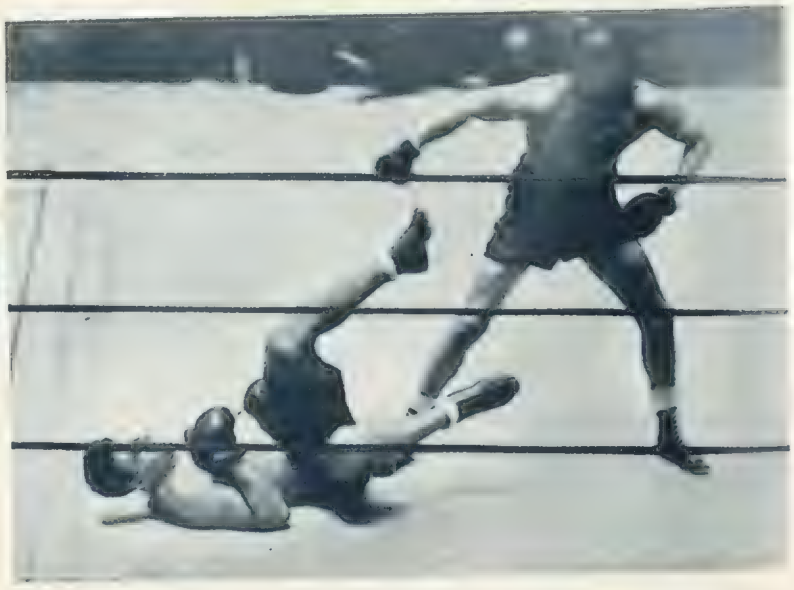
The REAL FIGHT between BAER and CARNERA, when the Italian giant lost the World's Heavyweight Championship. Carnera went down three or four times in this round under the impact of right-hand blows.



The PICTURE FIGHT between BAER and CARNERA (left) in "Everywoman's Man."

The REAL FIGHT on June 14 between BAER and CARNERA, when Baer won the fight on a technical knock-out in the eleventh round. PRIMO CARNERA (right) as he stopped Baer's advance across the ring with a beautiful left to the head.

Another moment in the PICTURE FIGHT between BAER and CARNERA.



The END of the REAL FIGHT between BAER and CARNERA. Baer, the challenger, wins in the eleventh round with a technical knock-out.

BAER'S PROPHETIC SCREEN VICTORY OVER CARNERA; AND HIS ACTUAL ONE.

WHEN FRIENDS MEET

"Now then, I'll tell you "a good one" — one well worth repeating, like

DEWAR'S

The Famous

"White Label"

Whitbread's Pale Ale is a luxury

TRADE MARK

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SHIRLEY TEMPLE— THE CHILD IN PAWN.

The child, Little Miss Marker (SHIRLEY TEMPLE), becomes very attached to her bookie-guardian, Sorrowful Jones (ADOLPHE MENJOU).

A characteristic smile from SHIRLEY TEMPLE as Little Miss Marker. Sorrowful Jones (ADOLPHE MENJOU) is fixing her frock for her.

(Left) "GIRL IN PAWN," the new Paramount picture at the Plaza, gives SHIRLEY TEMPLE, the wonderful child-actress, grand opportunities for the display of her powers. As Little Miss Marker, she finds herself the pet of a pretty tough crowd of gamblers. She is here seen with MISS DOROTHY DELL, as Bangles Carson.

MISS DOROTHY DELL, SHIRLEY TEMPLE, and MR. ADOLPHE MENJOU in "Girl in Pawn."

Little Miss Marker (SHIRLEY TEMPLE) loves to play "King Arthur and his Court." She calls the bookies and gamblers by the names of the Knights.

(Right) Sorrowful Jones, a bookie (ADOLPHE MENJOU), takes a child as security for a gambling debt. Little Miss Marker (SHIRLEY TEMPLE), as she is called, is an odd addition to the tough gamblers' circle.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

My readers may remember the devastating effect of fear on a famous airman in that remarkable German play, "The Ace," which had great qualities, but failed to draw. The same *motif* is the central idea of Margery Sharp's "MEETING AT NIGHT," which was benevolently received at the Globe. But there is a fundamental difference between the two. "The Ace" was too alien in atmosphere; "Meeting at Night" is too amateurish in structure, in elaboration, in characterisation of all the minor characters, especially a bunch of so-called journalists too ludicrous for words and indifferently and inaudibly acted. If the author had more skill, more scenic *flair*, she could have made something of her leading characters—the society girl, vain and keen on publicity, affianced to the flying man forced much against his will into the glamorous position of an ace. A *triste*, rather aloof wooer, he is inwardly tormented by fear (as he tells her in an endless narration). He is to start to-morrow for a world-wide "hop," and he avows that he feels a poltroon. His frankness, his sadness, his anguish have an effect on the girl quite contrary to the normal. As a rule, women despise cowards. Not she. She is carried away by the pathos of his tale, she awakens to love (*sic*) and she gives herself to him, and he flies away gaily.

"LIVING DANGEROUSLY," at the Strand. Murder most fair! Henry Pryor (MARTIN WALKER), turning up with a view to blackmail, is ingeniously assassinated by his old partner, David Norton (GODFREY TEARLE). Dope-pedlar, liar, cheat, cad, blackguard, and bad boy, he richly deserved it.

All this is very long and very incredible. We listen listlessly. But now in the third act comes a very good scene, which would have saved the play if the curtain had come down at the right moment, instead of lingering over the vapourings of the aforementioned comic journalists. In the heroine we have a reformed woman; from the seventh heaven of imagination, she has come down to the earth of awakened understanding. She is like a bird delivered from the cloisters of a cage. She knows what love is; she revels in the revelation. Even when she hears that her man has been killed—she maintains her fortitude. The society butterfly has become—a woman. That scene held us; had it not been allowed to peter out, it would have redeemed the rest of the play. As it was, it secured a respectful hearing and a warm reception of the actors, especially Miss Leonora Corbett, who was telling in the episode and generally portrayed the girl with dexterity and *aplomb*. What she has yet to experience in her work is that magnetism of emotion that vibrates in the spectator's mind. In the love-scene of the second act she remained far too stark. One felt the effort and missed the effect. A good dose of melodrama would do this charming actress a world of good. Mr. Roger Livesey was excellent as the ace, rather neutral until he came to the love-scene. Then he was real—a woeful figure and a pathetic one. Other clever actors, such as Miss May Whitty, Miss Helen Haye, Mr. George Curzon, played collateral parts of no importance—and played them extremely well. But oh! that pack of mouthing and mumbling "journalists"!

It is a delicious little menu that Miss Price and Mr. José Levy offer at the Little. If those two names, Shaw and Galsworthy, and their two plays, "VILLAGE WOOING" and "THE LITTLE MAN," will not throng the box office, then I shall despair of my Londoner's sense of humour. Both little plays are full of humour in a gentle, satirical vein; but they are not only interesting for that quality, there is something more in their composition and working out—albeit that both are short and light. They show the different methods of our two great authors when in sand-boy mood. Galsworthy, in "The Little Man," railing at cosmopolitan travellers, their ways, and their odd manners, draws merely types, comic figures that would fit in the pages of *Punch*; and, of course, being a humanitarian who comes to scoff and remains to pray, our author, in the dear little man who looks after the strange baby, introduces the gentle touch of human nature. Shaw, on the other hand, despite the compass of three short scenes, strives at character-drawing, and incidentally a little at that debating which is innate in him. Of "The Little Man" we retain only a pleasing passing vision; by "Village Wooing" we are impressed by the depth of observation under the brilliant glamour of the dialogue.

The two characters—the travelling guide-book writer and the telephone operator spending prize money on a cruise—are not new; they are old friends in a new guise—lineal descendants of Ann the "Superman" and John, her victim. But the situation is both novel and piquant. Everyone familiar with cruises will relish the chasing of the solitary, studious man by a sweet, scheming damsel, just a "cut below a lady," who has made up her mind that he is *her* man and never leaves him in peace until she meets him again in her quiet little village and coaxingly hunts her quarry down. Fancy these scenes—dialogue in the Shaw manner, full of brilliancy, caustic point, and, of course, sidelights of mockery at lovers, marriage, and especially the "stronger" sex. They literally teem with "happy thoughts" that keep the audience in constant hilarity. As for the acting of Miss Sybil Thorndike and Mr. Arthur Wontner, there is but one word for it—superb. She—looking sweet in her platinum coiffure and not a day older than twenty-five—the very enchantress of truly rural cunning cuteness; he the would-be phlegmatic widower, once caught twice shy, yet, for all his circumspection, spun into the cocoon of matrimony. "The Little Man," too, was well acted and produced. Andrew Leigh was what ladies call "just a little unsophisticated, dear"; both pathetic and amusing in his troubles with the baby; and among others Miss Amy Dalby was excellent as the tearful Austrian peasant mother; as was Mr. Finlay Curry as the blatant American, and Mr. Henry Victor as the blustering German of pre-war days.

"LIVING DANGEROUSLY," at the Strand. Murder most fair! Twelve years after his erasure from the Medical Register, David Norton (GODFREY TEARLE) erases Henry Pryor (MARTIN WALKER), his evil genius, from the registers of Somerset House. He believes that a doctor should not tell.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

SYDNEY HOWARD, the star of the new British and Dominion picture, "IT 'S A COP" (Leicester Square Theatre), is a slow-motion comedian, getting his fun out of an ambling gait, the absurd gesticulations of a podgy pair of hands, and a general fumbling after the smarter brains of his colleagues. He is *der dumme August* amongst the clowns, a monument of good-natured inefficiency. It is therefore a capital idea to expose him to the buffeting of melodramatic events, and to launch him as a dim-witted and timid police-constable on the trail of a gang of crooks. He flounders through a series of comic adventures before, a badly frightened hero, he corners the quarry on a yacht. Maclean Rogers, the director, works up the pace well, especially in the final chase and the hectic happenings down in Limehouse. Donald Calthrop, an expert in thumbnail character sketches, makes the most of a minor part, but the picture is Howard's from first to last.

In conjunction with a revival of "THE GUARDSMAN," in which Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne delightfully demonstrate their polished comedy methods, the Curzon Cinema is showing a Continental film, "TOGETHER WE TWO," directed by Paul Fejos. This is a friendly, sunny little picture, the brief history of a penniless young couple, gaily picking up odd jobs, as gaily surmounting disaster, helped on their way in an exhilarating scene outside a vast tenement house, whose inmates shower contributions from every balcony and window on the destitute heroine. The English version has reduced the enchanting Annabella and her smiling cavalier, Gustav Fröhlich, to almost complete silence, though there is one "dubbed" line for Annabella, which in its nasal assurance could never have issued from her delicate lips. For the rest, the lovers express their joys and anxieties in pantomime, which, though amusing enough when they go honeymooning *via* the posters of a travel-bureau, in the long run suggests two musicians who have forgotten to remove the sordines from their fiddles.

In "HI NELLIE" which, with "THE ROMANTIC AGE," has been retained for a second week at the Regal, Paul Muni essays a type of rôle more often associated with Lee Tracy in a story somewhat reminiscent of that volatile actor's last film, "Advice to the Lovelorn." Against the stereotyped background of a New York newspaper office, Bradshaw, the managing editor, is relegated to the position of "Miss Nelson" of the heart-throb column. From this not too promising beginning the film breaks away from conventional newspaper drama and becomes "detection, mystery, and horror," with Mr. Muni much more in his element as an amateur detective whose successful sleuthing gains his reinstatement in the editorial chair than in his earlier wisecracking mood. Not that I wish to suggest that Mr. Muni's acting is not at its usual high level, but I cannot help feeling that a part of this sort offers only superficial opportunities to an actor who is, as has been proved, at his best with more serious work to do.

"CHANGE OF HEART" is the title of the Fox picture at the Capitol, but the wily film producer knows his public. Change of heart? Perish the thought! Neither in the cinema fan nor in the Farrell-Gaynor team can such a thing exist. So here they are, together again, to love and to marry for the umpteenth time. The picture starts in well, with four young college graduates determined to storm the fortress that is New York. There is a real urgency in their air-liner trip to town, a genuine impression of the city's hustle and noise which overwhelms and fascinates the youngsters. So much so that it is almost a pity we have to linger over the lovering and wistfulness and attempted division of the famous stars, albeit John Blystone gets some humour into the business, and Ginger Rogers as an embryo gold-digger, with the bounceful James Dunn to fall back on when Charles and Janet have climbed to their seventh heaven, are lively props to a love story which the famous couple turn "to favour and to prettiness."

Once more William Powell appears in one of his famous master-detective rôles in "THE THIN MAN," at the Empire, a murder-mystery play so thrillingly presented that when the climax arrives with the unmasking of the murderer we are quite prepared to overlook the fact that no adequate motive has been given for the crime. Indeed, singularly few explanations are tendered in this fast-moving film with its sinister group of characters—an ex-wife, a blonde secretary, the inevitable young lovers, and several tough customers—all seemingly involved in the death of the "thin man," who is himself under suspicion for two previous murders. We are shown these people during various incidents concerning the case, but how or why they became associated remains a mystery; a method which undoubtedly adds to the sense of suspense. Mr. Powell, surely more buoyant in speech and action than ever before, finds a delightful partner in Myrna Loy, and with her manages to instil a great deal of humour into the grim task of detection. This is a lively picture, in which the director, W. S. Van Dyke, cleverly caps his thrills with amusing situations that are decidedly on the racy side. Seldom, indeed, has the sleuthing of a killer provided so much food for laughter, and the dialogue is peppered with audacious lines. Despite these interpolations, however, Mr. Van Dyke keeps the action taut and the atmosphere duly charged with the electricity engendered by this type of entertainment, and the charming Maureen O'Sullivan puts in some good work.

"LIVING DANGEROUSLY," at the Strand. A vulgar cartoon entitled "The Witness who tried to take the Oath at a Trial by the General Medical Council." Detective-Inspector Webster (CHARLES MORTIMER; in box), through long habit, swears to tell "the whole truth and nothing else but," during the hearing of "Pryor v. Norton." Such eccentricities are not countenanced by this august body. The characters are (l. to r.) David Norton the defendant (GODFREY TEARLE); Mr. Lloyd, K.C. for the defence (HUBERT HARBEN); Sir George Parker, K.C. for the plaintiff (ERIC STANLEY); a Member of the G.M.C., on floor (unknown); Henry Pryor the plaintiff (MARTIN WALKER); Detective-Inspector Webster (CHARLES MORTIMER; in box); Sir Barnaby Rutland, presiding (ALLAN AYNESWORTH); and two members of the G.M.C. (unknown).

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page VIII.

THE HORSE SHOW REHEARSAL AND BALL.

2. A CABARET was one of the features of the ball. MR. NELSON KEYS is here entertaining the company. H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester came to both rehearsal and ball.

3. This group of spectators at the rehearsal includes CAPTAIN and MRS. MAURICE KINGSCOTE, MAJOR and MRS. PHIPPS-HORNBY, the EARL OF WESTMORLAND, the EARL OF LONDESBOROUGH, and COUNTESS FORTESCUE.

4. LORD DIGBY led his War Veteran charger, Kitty, at the head of the parade of Veterans. She is twenty-eight years old; sailed for France in August 1914, and returned, unscathed, from Cologne in 1919.

5. A group at the ball including LORD and LADY HARDINGE (right), MR. REYNOLDS, MISS GRACE, and MR. and MRS. K. HOMAN.

6. LADY MELCHETT is here trying to make friends with LORD MOTTISTONE'S War Veteran charger, Warrior. Warrior went to France in August 1914, and at one time served as a mount for Sir John French (later Lord Ypres).

1. THE DRESS REHEARSAL OF THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW at Olympia preceded the Ball in aid of the Royal Veterinary College. SIR HUBERT and LADY WILKINS, M. PASCAL SARACI, LADY PATRICIA LATHOM (centre), KATHLEEN, COUNTESS OF DROGHEDA, and MR. SHANE LESLIE, in a box.

THE THEATRICAL GARDEN PARTY SPIRIT.

"Fishing for Fizz" was one of the amusing side-shows at the Theatrical Garden Party at the Royal Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, in aid of the Actors' Orphanage. MISS FLORA ROBSON *(left) and* MISS DOROTHY HYSON, *of "Touch Wood," are the anglers.*

MISS DOROTHY DICKSON *is here seen "telling the world" about her floodlight cricket game by means of a megaphone.*

MISS GRETA NISSEN *served strawberries and cream, and did a brisk trade.*

(Right) MR. IVOR NOVELLO *and* MISS FAY COMPTON *had little difficulty in making themselves heard at the Garden Party.*

MISS PEGGY CONKLIN, *who introduces "bundling" to Londoners in "The Pursuit of Happiness," is a pretty good drummer.* MISS CAROL REES *is ringing the bell.*

The Viennese Bier Garten was one of the attractions. MISS SOPHIE TUCKER *is there with* MR. ALFRED LUNT. *She's having a rest from "Me and Myself in My Mirror," which was the title of her own side-show.*

MIXED IDENTITY DRAMA IN "MOULIN ROUGE," WITH CONSTANCE BENNETT.

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1. "MOULIN ROUGE," due at the Leicester Square Theatre on June 29, is a drama of the back-stage. These are two of the beautiful show-girls in it.
2. A striking stage scene with MISS CONSTANCE BENNETT as Helen, playing lead in a New York Revue.
3. The Mexican Ballet in the New York Revue in the twentieth-century picture "Moulin Rouge."
4. MISS CONSTANCE BENNETT is Helen in "Moulin Rouge," a drama of mixed identity. She is the ex-actress wife of a lyric-writer. Her ex-partner in a sister-act, now a star, is engaged to play lead in the new revue. Helen takes her place at rehearsals; her husband does not know, and falls in love with the supposed "Raquel." He gets a shock when he finds she is his wife, but pretends he knew all the time! Love-making, music, and complications are the high-spots of the picture.

A Midsummer Day's Dream

The rugs are spread—half in the sun, half in the shade... Now to reveal the secrets of the hamper—to slake dry throats, to cool parched palates with deep bubbly draughts... with Schweppes, as clear and fresh as the newly picked fruit from which it is made: Sparkling Grape Fruit, Sparkling Orange and Sparkling Lemon.

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

LESSONS OF LE MANS.

THAT astonishing Anglo-French contest, the Le Mans twenty-four hour race, this year provided an unprecedented series of British successes. Not for the first time, an English car won the Rudge-Whitworth Cup—the victory this year going to a couple of Frenchmen in a six-cylinder Riley—while sixteen out of the twenty-three cars which finished were British-made.

The Riley success stands alone. Six cars started, six finished. They all qualified to run in next year's final of this year's eliminating race. Never in the stirring story of Le Mans has such an achievement previously been recorded. When you come to think of it, the Rileys were really marvellous. The two which finished second and third, in regard to sheer speed, were only beaten by a supercharged, eight-cylinder Alfa-Romeo of nearly double the engine size and three or four times the price. They properly "saw off" three other "blown" Alfas, a huge 4·9-litre supercharged Bugatti, and an assortment of other fast cars. The Rileys, of course, are *not* supercharged, and they have six-cylinder engines without overhead camshafts.

How did they do it? How do they get the stamina to withstand twenty-four hours of gruelling road-racing without the slightest sign of tiring? The answer lies, I think, in the "P.R." head, a cylinder-top in which the overhead valves are arranged in the same way as in a racing-car engine, with two overhead camshafts and a hemispherical combustion space. On the Riley, however, the drive is simplified, and dead-weight is saved by housing the camshafts one on each side of the crank-case and operating the valves through push-rods and rockers. The excellent design of the cylinder-head enables a high compression-ratio to be used without "pinking," while the engine is tuned to develop its maximum power at a very high rate of revolutions.

The new RILEY M.P.H. MODEL is capable of speeds approaching 90 miles per hour. It is supplied as a two-seater, with alternative 12- and 14-h.p. engine, and is listed at £550.

Rileys have considerably lightened their chassis and bodies, so that the new "Imp" model, on which Miss Champneys put up the best performance of any woman in the race, weighs under 14 cwt. A very fine power-weight ratio is thus obtained, and full use is made of it by providing a Wilson-type self-changing gear, by which instantaneous changes-up are always possible. The brakes, adjustable from the driving seat, are of large diameter, and the road-holding and cornering of the car are beyond reproach.

The 1100-c.c. and 1500-c.c. Rileys were lapping the Le Mans course at such high speeds that they excelled the performances put up a few years ago by cars such as the 3-litre and 4½-litre Bentleys! Sebilleau and Delaroche, on their Riley "Twelve," covered 2706 kilometres in the twenty-four hours. In 1928, "Babe" Barnato and Bernard Rubin covered 2669 kilometres on a 4½-litre Bentley. This shows the progress that has been made in motor-car design in the last six years! Even if it be true that the course is faster and easier than it was (which I am inclined to doubt), when the engine sizes of the two cars are taken into account the comparison is, I think, quite fair.

As a matter of fact, the biennial cups have only four times been won at higher speeds than that which the Riley averaged so easily. The victors on two occasions were 6½-litre Bentleys, while on the other two, supercharged Alfa-Romeos of 2·3-litres capacity took the palm. Before leaving the subject of the Rileys I should like to mention that Miss Dorothy Champneys and Mrs. Petre, who finished thirteenth in the race as a whole, fourth in their class, and were the leading feminine team at the finish, drove Miss Champneys' own Riley "Imp," with which she recently won the Ladies' Prize in the Scottish Rally—a machine, therefore, that is obviously suitable for all purposes.

Lord de Clifford's car, with which he put up an excellent performance and qualified for next year's final, was a Rapier Special, as turned out by Dobson and de Clifford, Ltd., of Staines. Fundamentally a Lagonda, it has a special engine of under 1100 c.c. (the standard job is just over this mark), and other features which make it eminently suitable for competition work. It averaged over 57 m.p.h., including all stops, for the twenty-four hours. The best performance on formula (which gives the right to try for an award in the "final" next year) was put up by Roy Eccles's M.G. "Magnette," while Aston-Martins and Singers were serious rivals.

A typical vista of the Wye near Ross makes a lovely background for a delightful car—an AUSTIN TEN-FOUR, which is posed in the foreground.

Caravanning is the perfect form of holiday-making! Both men and women agree to this, but the light-weight "ECCLES" NO. 35 makes a specially strong appeal to the latter, as it is so easily manœuvred and handled.

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated **Sporting and Dramatic** News; Every Friday.

Man, Woman, and Adornment

By D. H. B.

THROUGHOUT the history of our so-called civilisation, until the nineteenth century, in the matter of bodily adornment man strutted the stage of life as the arrogant peacock, and woman timidly followed as the lesser-plumaged pea-hen.

The twentieth century is an era of war and revolution. Man is still licking his wounds, whilst his feathers are moulting; woman is painting her lips and taking advantage of his deserved subjection.

To-day, woman is spending at least five times as much as man on clothes. She has become a creature of excess. Often she looks adorable—sometimes she looks like hell, but she goes on spending just the same, and she consoles herself with the thought that the sylph-like line of her expensive evening gown demands an economic saving of even the most fragile under-garment. She is so daring in her assumed virtue that she would act Godiva with permanently curled hair. She has the subtlety of the panther, and the slimmed hide of the rhinoceros. Clothes to her are emotion and enticement—to man they are merely a sober protection against temperamental chills.

During the season, in her chameleon moods, she appears in varied raiment. Her private social engagements are prolific, but, apart from these, she finds time to show her person, with becoming publicity, at the Embassy, Ciro's, the Dorchester, and the cosmopolitan Savoy. And she displays not only most of the natural creation of herself, but on her dieted body she also exhibits the revealing creations of Stiebel, Hartnell, and Molyneux. Her extravagance is such that these delicacies are quickly soiled by mixing with the common herd. In the loveliness of June she sees the dawn in the clothes that were draped around her body before last night's sun had set. But the beauty of the dawn is lost, because her vision is obscured, and her mascara-ed lashes droop faintly over tired eyes.

There is another side of the picture—the black-coated foil—or fool. He, poor mutt, is an insignificant appendage of many rôles. On rare occasions he may even be the husband, or an equivalent provider. He may be the lover, or the fertiliser, or a wealthy clown from provincial shires, asserting gaiety in ill-bred merriment.

The lovely creations which adorn the modern woman are designed for a short and possibly gay life. The effect of their bloom is beautiful, but so delicate that soon they become marred by human contact. And, like the petals of a handled rose, they fall from their stem and fade into mysterious oblivion.

This little dissertation, drifting into a sociological essay, is in reality nothing more or less than an advertisement, and, since its publication is paid for (another scandalous anomaly; but life to-day is so often inverted or perverted), it is essential to endeavour to drive home some sort of commercial argument.

Pope and Bradley are the leaders of the men's fashion of the world. Their clientèle represents the cream of England and of Europe.

If the thousands of customers on the books of Pope and Bradley spent half as much as their woman friends, the principals of the firm would be placed in a quandary. The lives of millionaires are inclined to be dyspeptic. And seats in the House of Lords do not foster dreams of Elysian passion.

Woman is a creature of change; man is an animal of habit. If a woman entered any fashionable gathering wearing a 1931 gown, she would feel mediæval and miserable—a pariah at the feast. Lips would curl in contempt; nostrils would distend; the assembly would be horrified. She would probably be requested to leave the room, on the grounds of public indecency; skirts having become so circumspectly long.

On the other hand, man, sedate, and sometimes sober, dons his 1931 evening suit, which never wears out, and, buying a sixpenny red carnation, persuades himself, in his provincial conceit, that he looks like a Regency buck.

* * *

ACTUALLY, man, in his colossal stupidity, has been so completely occupied in thinking in terms of destruction, slaughter, mammon and mud, that he has lost his pride and individuality. Hence he is prone to accept the rule of demagogic dictators; most of whom have sprung as vulgar weeds from the soil, choking all the precious and tender growths of life. And millions of unintelligent clods are content to don a black shirt or a brown shirt, imagining themselves bred of the spirit of Ulysses. Such temporary fashions are sent to try us. They soon will disappear. Hitler has no progeny. House-painters are not artists, and humans are not machines. The international armament firms, in comparison with which the gangsters of America are "Angel Gabriels," may endeavour to play their murder game perhaps for one more decade; after that they will be consigned to the rottenness they have endeavoured to foster.

The anti-war crusader is not a weak-kneed slave. He is the fiercest of fighters. He will join issue with his known and individual enemies, the war-mongers skulking in the security of council chambers, bickering, plotting, bribing and inciting the herd to another holocaust for their own personal profit and aggrandisement. The modern crusader of principle refuses to agree to blot out millions of unknown and innocent human beings, against whom he has no personal grudge. But the individual enemy, who is responsible for fostering wholesale slaughter, should be treated as a wild beast. Killing is too good for him. His eyes should be torn from him, so that, blinded, he can neither see the scarified battle-plains, nor the beauty of the flowers. The drums of his ears should be pierced by hornets, so that the music of the world could no more be heard. His tongue should be stung by adders and cut from its roots, so that he might no longer taste the fruits of the earth. Marcher ants should infest his organs so that they could but rarely function. Then antidotes should be applied, and the science of Voronoff engaged to re-inforce sufficient strength to endure fresh agonies; and, though begging for the death he had inflicted upon the multitudes, he should be kept alive for an eternity; a shell, a husk, an obscenity enduring the torture of a cancerous mind. Despised by men, and by God forsaken.

* * *

THE diatribe is ended. And so, for this political divergence an apology is offered. The mood is changed from filth to loveliness. The essay is on Woman. Man, unfortunately, intervened. It is difficult to discern wisdom in men, with the world in a military muck-heap. Therefore, it is right that woman should provide the acme of attraction—otherwise, the only alternative would be a general hari-kari, to avoid a vomiting exit.

The emancipation of woman is a fascinating study. Where will it lead? It does not count at present in political life, but its effect in social life is stupendous. Let us take a look at what she has achieved. Nothing, of course, in any of the Arts: in all of which, music, painting, sculpture, literature, she is distinctly second-class. As a creative artist, she hardly exists. But in the living life, she is supreme. The problem is the extent of her thrills.

It is only generous to admit that in personal adornment she makes her nearest approach to artistry. She realises its infinite sex-value, and has annexed this perquisite from man. Hitherto, it was mutually shared. Now she has ordained that man should only appear as an inconspicuous black beetle. There is subtlety in this. He is safer when sedate, and less likely to attract. Her primary emotion is adulation for herself; her purpose is the subjugation of the male—physical and financial, singular and plural, temporal and spiritual.

Her success is amazing. She rules the society which revolves around her. Man is relegated to the status of the elemental provider. Lesser by far in his authority than the primitive cave-man, who clothed himself in furs and thrashed his wife to keep her warm.

She is the orbit. He is the fallen star. The more sombre he is, the more her lustre is enhanced; and the more easily she annexes the limelight, the colour, and the gaiety.

Sometimes the scene provides satiric laughter for the gods. Imagine the black-coated Croesus displaying his wealth on the bejewelled body of his woman; enjoying a vicarious possessiveness, and stroking his stimulated stomach, and smacking his lascivious lips. His reward is the silvery smile of cultivated simplicity. And so—

Let woman, lovely, altruistic, timid, shrinking woman, array herself in the skins of a hundred sables.

Let the unborn lamb lose its astrakhan and the bird of paradise its tail.

Let the misanthropic oyster be deprived of its one ewe-pearl.

For her, let the diamond-seekers sweat and toil till their eyes are bloodshot and their tongues are parched.

Let the dance bands strive in frenzy to give her ecstasy of movement.

Let the chefs concoct epicurean dishes that her jaded appetite may be tickled.

Let the seasons be changed. Let nature be forced. Let the vines ripen in the winter time.

Let the multitudes of men bow their knees in worship.

Let the depths of the sea and the bowels of the earth be searched for jewels to adorn her beautiful flesh.

Let inspired music be composed that her ears may be soothed.

Let artists paint her in such flattering colours that her sensuous eyes may be pleased.

Let luscious fruits be forced that her crimsoned lips may be feasted.

Let no moment in her captive life be unfulfilled.

Let her play with Plato, joke with Juan, lunch with Lucius, and dine with Dionysus. And let her never cease to proclaim the absoluteness of her virtue.

Let all that man can provide be given. And then—insatiable—she will demand more.

It is an attractive revolution, more alluring than man's destruction.

In the midst of international turmoil, woman has constituted a world for herself.

Since man has made a mess of the fight, let woman annex the spoils.

So let the world be run for her.

For her and her alone.

* * *

THE motive of this verbose exuberance is not mere entertainment. It is an effort to stir man into some semblance of pride, to assert his individual arrogance, to regard himself as the Lord of creation and woman as the Lady of recreation. To vie with her, and to dress and undress in the same perfect taste. And when he feels the desire to wear fine and exclusive clothes, he has only to stroll along to 14, Old Bond Street, and equip himself for fresh adventure.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

REALISTIC novels about industrial towns in the North of England generally make rather joyless reading, especially to-day, when the truth-regarding novelist can find little that is cheerful to chronicle. The opening words of "Strip Jack Naked"—"When his wife died, Saul Borlay gave up working as a coal-heaver"—strike a gloomy note. This is going to be a grey story, I thought; I shall meet a lot of dour, disappointed people, whose only fun is rowdyism and horse-play, and who make love in cinemas, dark alleys, and (if granted an occasional outing into the country) behind blackened and stunted hedges. There will not be a trace of kindness, gentleness, or good manners from the first page to the last. The characters will lead lives in which happiness scarcely exists even as an aspiration. When they speak it will be in nervous exhaustion and irritation. They will subsist on tinned food, get drunk whenever their means allow it; they will grumble and complain and snap each other's heads off. I shall feel sorry for them, but I shall not be able to sympathise with or like them.

These misgivings proved to be unfounded. Saul Borlay did indeed marry, *en secondes noces*, a kill-joy of a woman. Ellen frowned on pleasure whenever she saw it lift its head; she did little to brighten the adolescence of her step-sons, Alf and Ted. But she had some excuse. She belonged to a narrow religious sect; conscience, not temperament, made her repressive, and, as we shall see, the introduction of two kittens into the household softened her considerably. Saul, the retired coal-heaver, who now traded in footwear, was a holy terror to the small boys who stole "conkers" from the chestnut-tree in his back-garden, but he was a man distinguished by sympathy, tact, and human feeling, and his children were fond of him.

Hero-Worship. In spite of its harsh-sounding title and forbidding *mise-en-scène*, "Strip Jack Naked" is a book that is warmed and fertilised by affection. Most of it, to be sure, comes from Ted, who loved his elder brother, the bold, hard, tyrannical, quickly amorous Alf, with a consuming love. A morbid love, some might say, for he adored acting as Alf's slave and shrank from the idea of his marrying with a dread that was almost unnatural. He was a timid, studious, introspective boy, over-prone to hero-worship. He did not mix with gay sparks of his own age. He reached the age of flirtation, but did not flirt. Miserable with jealousy, he is condemned to hear the details of his idol's courtship of Laura. That courtship had gone very far indeed when Alf rides out on his motor-bike and is killed in an accident.

Realism and Romance. This is the turning-point in the story, and the turning-point in Ted's life. Out of devotion to his brother he determines to marry Laura and make an honest woman of her. A quixotic resolve, for Ted appears to have few of the qualifications for matrimony. In real life I hardly think he would have done it. Mr. Hampson is a young and romantic writer, and he is less concerned with imitating the surface of life in Tudor Road than with adapting it to the purposes of his romantic vision. One notices the same tendency in the dialogue. Sometimes it is racy and colloquial and consistent with the characters who speak it. At others it belongs to no specific class or county; it is the language of poets and orators. Reproaching his sons for their unkindness to Ellen, Saul says—

"You'd treat a charwoman with more civility. Do you think she likes it, and is likely to thrive on it? Do you think it will make her a better and more loving creature? You've your own lives to make and live, and you consider that Ellen interferes deeply in your chosen form of existence. Your behaviour towards her interferes just as deeply with my own life. Am I to do nothing without consulting you both?"

In a different connection, but in the same mood, he says—

"She is a hard woman, Ted. Life is not easy, and so she has armoured herself. People can arouse her pride, but she's never hurt—like you could be hurt, boy. When you were little you got hurt, so quick and strangely."

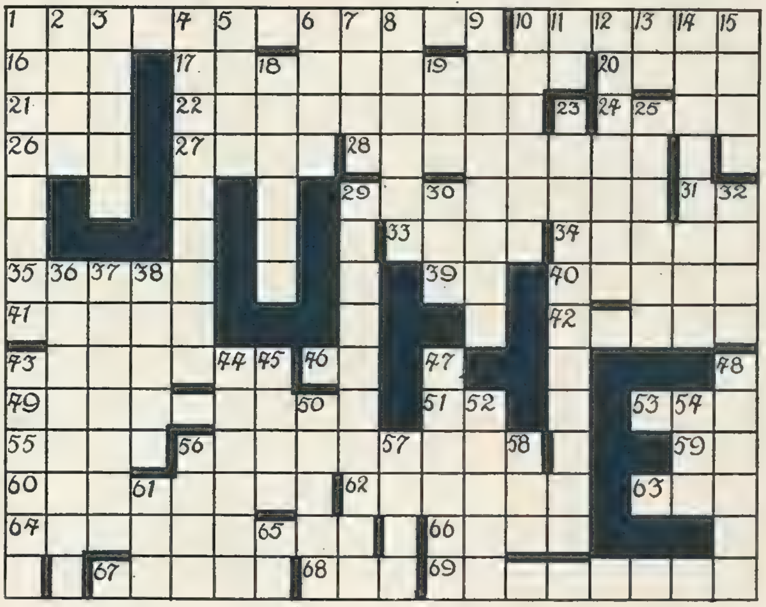
These might be the thoughts, but (I submit) they would not be the words of a retired Yorkshire coal-heaver. Mr. Hampson has not yet learned to reconcile his romantic approach to his subject with his (at times) realistic treatment of it. But he is a writer full of promise, sensitive, intelligent, imaginative, quick to find (what so many novelists ignore) soft spots, raw places, and the sentimental background which determines so many of our actions.

[Continued on page vi.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. Would you consider such a person capable of double-dealing?
10. Irruption.
16. A negative.
17. "Sermons in stones, and good in ——" ("As You Like It.")
20. O.T. character.
21. A farthing one would scarcely become the modern froth-blower.
22. Some of the lion's whelps.
24. Much changed.
26. To sing after this time becomes irritating.
27. Exclusively.
28. Not often seen in this form, but saves breath.
29. Part of the skull. (Ask your doctor!)
31. Regal hesitation.
33. Also among the prophets?
34. Standard of capacity distinctly un-English.
35. This native reads like an alternative between two generations.
39. A cypher of importance.
40. Make amends and the time to do it.
41. Tosti's "Good-bye."
42. It's not lack of ability that causes a boy to be, apparently.
43. Straits Anne is in.
46. Top hole.
49 and 51. A Northern town.
53. Heat this to get something out of the common.
55. A great lake.
56. A little town across the Minch.
59. The "generation" of 35 Across.
60. A man of this has no sweet heart.
62. A couple of strokes should suffice for this team.
63. Colour for debt collectors?
64. It's only a fairly confident solver that has any use for it (two words).
66. Not found, though you may find lots in it.
67. What flesh has done before now.
68. Colour.
69. The churchyard entrance, perhaps.



DOWN.

1. No blessing with three articles beside them.
2. What Hamlet called the ghost.
3. Smash, to the tune of a couple of thousand perhaps.
4. Extract that sounds like a board-ship sale.
5. He must be Welsh.
6. As this is off the track.
7. Not a hundred miles from Portsmouth.
8. Just ear-ache, really.
9. Soft job in safe.
10. Inculcate as if bound to carry his bat.
11. No earthly!
12. Get strength or get someone on it.
13. Just you and me.
14. Wine.
15. British historian.
18. Twine.
19. A famous old corps.
23. With the help of some material and trimming, it puts things back.
25. Composed "Simon the Cellarer."
29. You wouldn't imagine this kind of business ever progressed.
30. Part of Nagasaki.
32. With its tail in it, it is sold in the shops.
36. Follower.
37. A harem dweller.
38. Siren (anagram).
43. Very dear in France.
44. Snare.
45. Initials that take you in all directions.
47. A tributary of the Mersey.
48. Besides a pear, this is suggested by William.
50. Released.
52. Cabbage in part of France.
54. The cross-word bird.
56. Fate is proverbially.
57. If you don't know this Greek jug, alter it so as to get one of another European race.
58. Bit of an eyesore, this!
61. A poetic preposition.
65. A place-prefix.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, July 2, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page 620) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

Real Cocktails begin with

Lucky people make the Grand Hotel their luxurious home in the summer—and very lucky ones stay on through the winter. The inactive are made so comfortable. The active find so much to entertain them. And the cocktails are so superb—made soothing or exhilarating, exactly to your taste, by the ever-popular William. He has had years of experience in London and knows how real cocktails begin. He uses Booth's, the only matured Dry Gin.

BOOTH'S The Only Matured DRY GIN

Willing

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.

"THIS takes me back nearly half a century," and the broker seated himself with an air of ineffable content. "Fifty years. Or more."

"You used to come here for cocktails instead of playing footer in break, I suppose," said the host indulgently.

"Playing footer? I was playing the wag; and that's how I feel now. Just as if I were truant from that school, ever so far off, in the City."

"It's the sensible thing to do, you know. Gets you away from the rut and the groove, and, for what they give you here, the bill isn't excessive. One more? Just as you like. Lunch, eh?"

Nearly all the tables were taken, although one o'clock had not yet struck. The two men sat down at the place carefully chosen beforehand. It was just far enough removed from the orchestra to make the music a pleasantly incidental accompaniment.

"Oh, something quite light and simple, thanks," said the guest. "What do you suggest?" he asked the waiter.

As safe a thing to do as it is to buy War Loan. The lunch was admirably cooked and presented: the service as unobtrusive as it was efficient.

The host nodded to this man; then to that, and again to a third. He took a rose from the vase on the table, and sent it to a famous tragedy queen sitting with a friend a dozen yards away.

"You seem to know a good many people," said his guest politely.

"Plenty of City men lunch here every day. They find it does them good to get off for a bit. Change, you know." . . .

Inside the Stock Exchange, the tireless tramp of a thousand feet. The air, despite a wonderful system of ventilation, heavy and oppressive.

"Want to deal?"

"No. And if I did, I wouldn't want to deal with you."

"I wouldn't let you. Don't like the account. What do you see?"

"An old and ill-favoured jobber who ought to have given up business years ago."

"He would have done, my boy, only business gave him up first. Besides, if he keeps on long enough, he may teach some of his juniors manners. Write out fifty lines and give them to me after lunch. So long!" . . .

The orchestra was playing Straus, but quite discreetly. The restaurant, full in every part, was not overcrowded. The chairs, the carpets, the spotless napery, the view from the windows, went far to warrant what the guest insisted upon regarding as truancy on his part.

A waiter asked permission——

"By all means. Tell him to come across. The very man I'd like you to meet," he said to his guest. "Spotted him when we came in. Brainy bus. His friend's in Lloyd's. . . . Come right in." He shook hands and introduced the guest.

"More coffee, please, waiter. And leave the Kummel on the table. Or are you drinking brandy? Cointreau? Right you are."

"The tin market's quiet and there's nothing much going on in West Africans," he continued, as they all lit cigarettes.

"How about Kaffirs?" enquired the underwriter. "I stayed in them too long, and am left high and dry."

"They will go higher again," the broker confidently consoled him. "'Why?' Well, what's to stop them?"

"Not tin shares," remarked the financier, twiddling his thumbs. "At present, tin is out of fashion, but we shall see it harden up again." . . .

"It's all very well," a jobber was protesting, but there isn't a market in a thousand shares. I'll make you a price in five hundred, if you'll leave me the balance. Is a thousand all you have to do?"

"The Cape came in a buyer early on. Then Paris bought a few hundred. After that—well, look at 'em." . . .

"West Wits. You must put them away, though, and—— No; of course not. Neither widows nor orphans nor anyone else who ought to bar mining risks."

"An old aunt of mine bought Bibianis; made a few pounds out of them, and then bought Atta Gold. Wants to know now whether Attas are a good investment. What on earth am I to tell her?" . . .

The men watched, perhaps without seeing, the trees in the Embankment gardens, still fresh and green in spite of the recent drought.

"West Africa is an unproved land——"

"You can't possibly say that." He helped himself to another spot of Kummel. "Considering what we've seen in Ashanti and Bibiani."

"The Companies are exceptional. I maintain that until more work has been done and more tangible results obtained, you must regard West Africa as a prospect."

"A very promising one, you will admit?"

"Oh, rather. That's what puts such an edge upon gambling in the shares. The big companies are spending a lot of money in opening up the field; what they will find is at present on the knees of the gods."

"The goddesses like to have a finger in the pie, too. There's a client of mine over there."

They followed the direction of his glance. A man was laughing at something the girl had just said. Her face was the colour of the tablecloth. The startling scarlet of her lips, the jet-black of eyebrows and hair, took on dramatic prominence. She laughed in her turn and a slight shrug rippled her shoulders. "Talking of stocks and shares, think you?" suggested the underwriter. "He looks to me like an American."

"Trying to persuade her to buy Nickels," the broker hazarded. "I believe those things will be ten points higher before this year is out."

"You think there's hope for Americans? Yes, I know Nickels are Canadian, but all those dollar things move together."

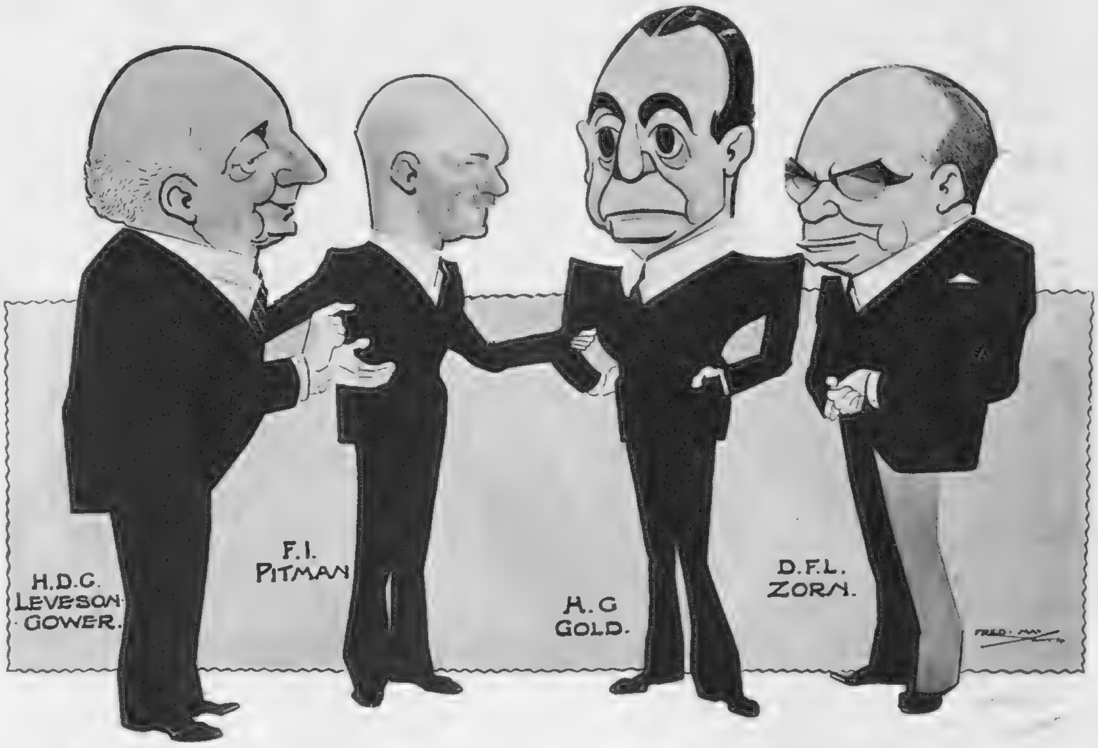
"America is returning to sanity by steady stages. She wants nourishing food after her D. Pression."

"That's why so many Americans come here. A lunch like this makes you glad you don't live in the moon."

"Yes?" enquired the guest. "H. G. Wells?"

"Baron Munchausen. He found they opened their left sides, shoved a month's supply of food into their interiors, and shut up the whole thing until feeding time came round again four weeks later."

"Then I'm not crying for the moon. And I don't wonder that Baron Munchausen got beaten in the Derby, if that's the way they fed him."



Fred May continues his review of STOCK EXCHANGE NOTABILITIES with Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, who is a partner in Beardsley and Company; Mr. F. I. Pitman, a partner in Rowe and Pitman; Mr. H. G. Gold, a partner in W. A. Simpson; and Mr. D. F. L. Zorn, who is a partner in Zorn and Leigh-Hunt.

"What does one do with Chemicals?" asked the guest. "Is it such a bull point as the papers make out, this repayment of debentures?"

"Just depends upon how you look at it. You might argue that the redemption, out of the company's funds, looks as though the Board don't see their way to make profitable use of the money. What do they say about it in the House?" . . .

"Fool that I was to put on a waistcoat! And me a dealer in Low Temperature, too. Low Temps.! Low Temps.!"

"Never mind about your Temps. What do you think of Chemicals?"

"High enough, I should say. Lots of these chaps don't agree with me, but I can't see that the shares are worth any more than the present price."

"There may be another shilling or so in the Ordinary."

"Oh, rather; nobody can tell what's going to happen on the short view. But I wouldn't care to be a bull too long, that's all. Yes; isn't it? Me in a waistcoat, too! Roll on, four o'clock!" . . .

The broker stopped to exchange greetings with his fairest lady client. "You've been arguing about Nickels," he smilingly accused her.

"Nickels?" she repeated. "Nickels? Do you mean when you and your party stared at me just now?"

The broker said that even the dust might adore her foot that trod it down.

She laughed outright. "If you want to know, Mr. Nosey Parker," said she, "he"—and she nodded to her amused companion—"said butter was the best, but I told him that Mother always used oil for frying!"

Friday, June 22, 1934.

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

The Eton v. Harrow Match at Lords is an event that never loses its thrill. The hidden excitement of the boys, their pride in their mothers and sisters, the vivid reminiscences—all create an unforgettable atmosphere.

Here is a perfect dress for a tall and slender sister. Made of slightly stiffened chiffon in pale nasturtium shades, it has a square neck in front with a moderate V at the back, and a little sleeved cape which ties at the waist. The lovely line of the skirt is accentuated by the umbrella pleats at the hem.

Made in many pastel colourings, it costs 65s. in the Débutante Department at Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Oxford Street, London, W.

JOHN EVERARD

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

HENLEY — RIVER FROCKS for the greatest of all REGATTAS

One thing a river frock must be—and that is more or less uncrushable, especially if one is going to spend much of one's time in a punt. The dress above is made in a novelty weave washing silk with a matt surface. In any pastel colours it costs 5½ guineas, and it has a draped neck, with narrow straps joined with faggot stitching across the shoulders. Sunray insets beneath the waist and a two-toned belt are interesting details.

Real bracken fronds are imprisoned between the layers of the brim of the white organdie hat, which, with the dress, comes from Barri, of 33, New Bond Street, W.

On the right is the type of frock that is seen on the lawns of Phyllis Court. In checked organdie, patterned with tiny sprays of flowers, it is shaped at the waist with slanting tucks, the full sleeves and neck being finished with massed loops in a plain shade. A wide sash is tied at the back, and the moulded skirt falls in soft folds at the hem.

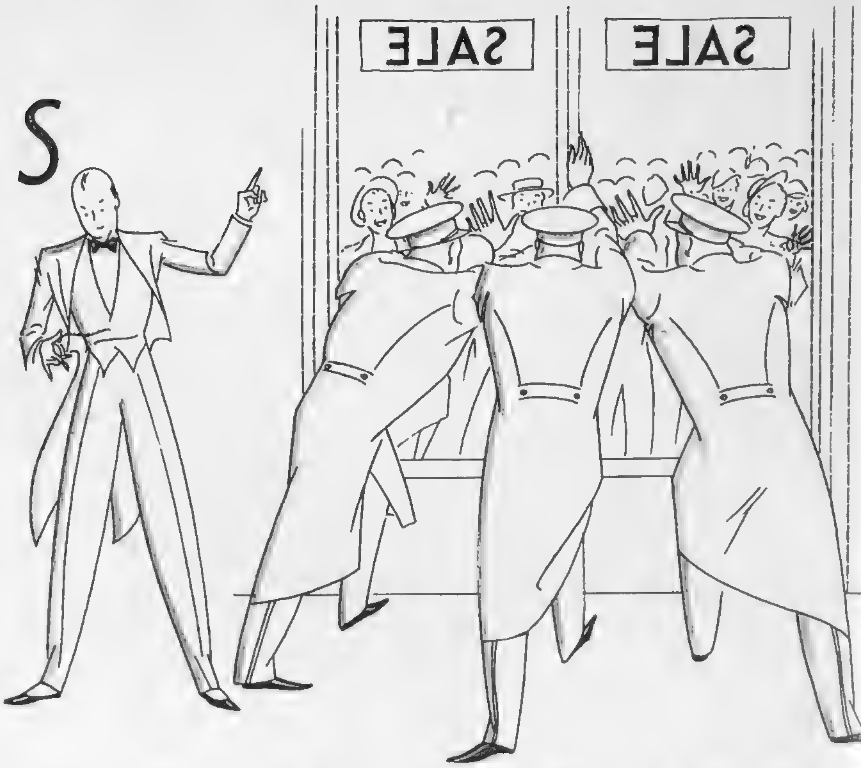
Made in their own workrooms in a wonderful range of colours, this frock costs 98s. 6d. at Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W. Light flowers on a dark ground give it a more sophisticated air without robbing it of any of its charm.

The Swimming Pool, with the Beach Hotel in the background.

The SUMMER SPORTING opens on July 14th, with gambling on the Terrace in the open air—an entirely new idea.

MONTE CARLO BEACH

EARLY BIRDS



PROBABLY only really ardent anglers want to catch worms, but if there breathes a woman with soul so dead to all sense of adventure that she does not feel an irresistible urge to be up with the lark on the first morning of the Summer Sales, these lines are not for her. For the things we are going to talk about are bargains—news—real discoveries. They are the result of summer's tardy arrival and of the reawakened spirit of optimism which is making itself felt everywhere. "Let's get in all the newest and loveliest things for the early autumn," say the shops. "And to make room for them, let's sacrifice our beautiful summer clothes while there is still plenty of time for people to enjoy them."

And so, at Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Oxford Street, London, W., you may find original French models by Lanvin, Augustabernard, and other famous designers, all at less than half-price. Or, if you are thinking of Goodwood, you'll probably fall for a novelty printed heavy marocain dress with a detachable cape, which has been reduced from 11½ guineas to £6. Undies are always an excellent Sale-time investment, so you must not overlook nighties in pure silk triple ninon or lingerie crêpe-de-Chine for 18s., and satin beauté petticoats with fitting bodices of lace for 18s. 9d., the price of the matching knickers being 15s. 6d.

With holidays ahead, the woman who can wear small stock fittings will find a marvellous "buy" in the knit cardigan suits in light summer colours at Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge. These cost only 25s., and there is a marvellous selection of fine wool jumpers reduced from 29s. 6d. and 17s. 6d. to 5s. For warmer days, well-tailored printed linen frocks at 18s. 11d. have a widespread appeal, and everybody who is going to the sea should make a point of seeing their light wool stockinette beach frocks, with gay tartan wood buttons and shoulder-straps crossed at the back, the price being only 21s. instead of 35s. 9d.

Morning and afternoon dresses bearing that stamp of distinction which characterises all their models may be found at Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge, for half their original price and less, while suits in tweeds and suitings are reduced from eight guineas to four guineas. Since many of these are almost classic in their simplicity, they will be excellent for wearing in the autumn, for they will not date.

Those fortunate people who can either make their own clothes or who know one of those mysterious and invaluable "little women" who run up things for next-to-nothing will appreciate the really beautiful metallic French laces, which at the beginning of the season cost from 13s. 11d. to 39s. 6d. a yard and which are now all being offered at 6s. 11d. a yard.

Jaeger's, of 352, Oxford Street, W., become public benefactors by making, for 35s. 6d., swagger or full-length belted coats from the remains of the tweeds which were used for their most successful spring models, skirts in the same materials being available for 15s. You have only to think for a moment what Jaeger materials are like, and to conjure up visions of their delectable jumpers and cardigans, which will be sold at 10s., 15s., and 20s., to realise that their Fashion Sale is one of those things that can't happen often. So make the most of it. Their General Sale commences on July 2, and it is then that you will be able to find bargains in travelling rugs, dressing gowns, undies, and men's wear.

Thursday, June 28, is the day chosen by Barri, of 33, New Bond Street, W., for the beginning of their Sale, when original French models will be sold for as little as seven guineas, while a large number of model dresses that are absolutely new in line and detail will cost only five guineas. This is essentially a place to visit during the opening days, for so well known and so enviable is their reputation that those who have learned from experience leave nothing to chance and little to late-comers.

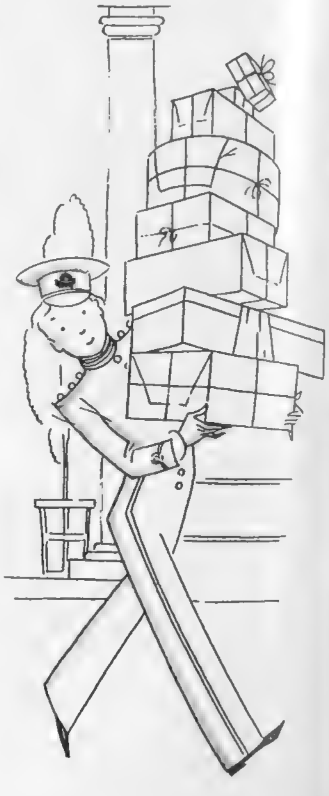
You will have got your second wind by the time Debenham and Freebody's Sale starts, and you will hasten to Wigmore Street to find such treasures as metal lamé evening dresses reduced from 12½ guineas to £8 10s., and looking like a million dollars! Or can you imagine a dusty-pink afternoon frock in heavy marocain, with a graceful scarf drapery threaded through a crystal ring in the centre of the bodice, for £4 10s., instead of 8½ guineas? If you prefer it in black or any of several excellent prints, you can get it at the same price. For week-ends there are washing silk frocks at £2 and cotton dresses for 30s., all beautifully cut. And for cruising or holiday wear, crêpe two-pieces reduced from 98s. 6d. to £3 10s., or lace ensembles, ideal for dinner wear, for £5 instead of the usual 7½ guineas.

SALES COMMENCE

Marshall and Snelgrove	June 25.
Harvey Nichols	June 25.
Woolland Bros.	June 25.
Jaeger	June 25.
Barri	June 28.
Debenham and Freebody	July 2.
Peter Robinson	July 9.

Finally, although Peter Robinson's Sale does not open until July 9, when drastic reductions will be made in every department, they are making special offers during the two weeks preceding the Sale. For instance, there are art crêpe dresses with loose three-quarter-length sleeveless coats, cut on lines that are very becoming to the full figure, for only three guineas. The designs are excellent, and the colours are carefully chosen. Rather more youthful crêpe-de-Chine frocks with short sleeves and detachable capes may be bought for 30s.; and for the same price there are full-length art silk coats in black or navy, some with well-shaped flat capes and some with scarf-ended collars.

Lack of space prevents a fuller selection, but in every case illustrated catalogues will gladly be sent by these shops on request.



GOWNS : FURS : TAILOR-MADES : KNITWEAR : CHILDRENS' CLOTHES

A
Profusely Illustrated
CATALOGUE
of
SALE BARGAINS
sent in response to inquiries

A Bargain for Early Autumn

. . .

Hat in fine quality felt with novel petersham trimming. In black, navy, brown and good colours.

SALE PRICE 45/-

The Debenham Stocktaking SALE *and* Fur Sale

JULY 2nd . . to . . 21st

A unique opportunity of obtaining the distinctive and exclusive productions of the House at exceptional reductions on the season's prices. Debenham's Sale is

ONCE A SEASON

only, therefore the Bargains offered are of a distinctly interesting character

Many advanced models are included for the autumn at advantageous prices, adding greatly to the fashion interest of the Sale

New Autumn Suit

. . .

Tailored Jersey Fabric Suit in a two-tone diagonal design—pleated skirt in front only and well-cut coat with stitched revers, pocket and belt. In deep green/natural, new wine-red/natural, nigger/natural, black/white, navy/white. In S.W., W., W.X. and O.S. sizes.

SALE PRICE £4
All sizes.

A Practical Bargain

. . .

Made in Autumn weight novelty materials this coat is well cut on fitting lines and has a large collar of black or grey opossum, and is easy to order by post. In good colours. Three sizes. Original price 10½ gns.

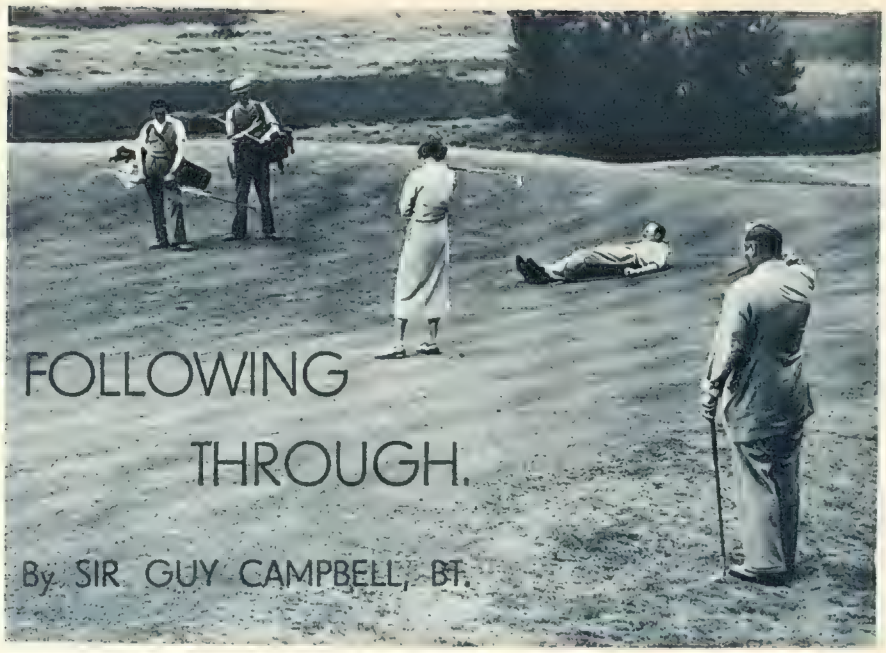
SALE PRICE £6

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1

Langham 4444.

(Debenhams Ltd.)



FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

CAPTAIN G. A. MOXON (Worplesdon) is not reclining on the green because he felt exhausted by the heat—he is merely taking a careful survey of what looks like a dead stymie from what he considers the most reliable angle. He did this at the 8th green in the course of the final of the Club Mixed Foursomes Tournament at Camberley Heath, which he won with MISS M. PEECH (back to camera).

The Open Championship. Whiling away an idle hour on my balcony, above which a pair of German swallows are housekeeping with all the industry and intense concentration one would expect, I discovered what an interesting draw there is this year for our Open Championship, of which the qualifying rounds at Deal and St. George's will have been finished by the time you read what I have written. To begin with, the entry of 313 is a record, and more than usually representative both in quality and nationality. As regards countries, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Spain, and South America are included, as well as Australia, South Africa, the Irish Free State, and, of course, Great Britain and the United States. Spain has entered a contingent of no less than thirteen, and the doings of its members will be watched with interest. Then, as regards quality, in addition to the cream of our own golf, the United States are, as usual, making a very strong challenge. It includes Denny Shute, to defend his title, Gene Sarazen, MacDonald Smith, Bill Mehlhorn, Joe Kirkwood, C. Lacy—our Lacy's brother, who began so well in the American Open—and both Gus Moreland *and* Lawson Little.

What Will Happen? Whether Lawson Little and Moreland will make the long return journey I am uncertain. I know Little was desperately keen on doing well in the American Open, and had he won that we may be certain he would have come to see how near he could get to equalising Bobby Jones's record—an achievement I cannot imagine being done again—in our lifetime, at any rate. But even without these two, the danger of our Open Championship cup going to keep company with our amateur trophy is a real one. MacDonald Smith has not yet done himself full justice here; nor, for that matter, has Mehlhorn or Kirkwood—though whether the last can ever shake off the shackles of trick golf is a moot point. But Sarazen is left, and a Sarazen who only missed winning his own event by two strokes. I still remember vividly his finish at Prince's, and St. George's has even greater rewards for a finisher as brave and gifted as he. However, we have got a grand finisher in Padgham—both Southport and Moortown showed that—and a lot of fine young golfers besides, who will have a grand chance of proving themselves. So, while in no way discounting the threat, I feel more confident than on many a former occasion; and here I should like to congratulate Syd Brews on his fine performance at Moortown. I had been led to expect great things from him, and he certainly did them.

"A Correspondent Writes . . ." As so often happens when one is travelling, I enjoyed, for a time, a blissful immunity from correspondence. But the moratorium was short-lived, and now a large packet remains to be dealt with. Among its contents were several "letters from correspondents." All but one of them had, as in the case of a dinner invitation, by the workings of time, answered themselves. But the remaining letter contained queries that, even after so considerable an interval, and in view of what has been written, seem of sufficient general interest to be answered on this page. The questions were as follows: "You saw Lawson Little's golf in the final of the Amateur Championship yourself. Was it really as good as you and other writers say, and if so, is Little the greatest golfer you have seen? What peculiarities has he, and where does he get his power? He seems to have won chiefly by driving and putting. Should you say the rest of his game is equally good?" Well, there you are, or, as an old "pug" that some of us used to back unprofitably in the "braw days" explained his consistent disappointments: "That 's what you cops when you least expects it." And yet I am rather glad at the opportunity of recording my impressions on the questions asked. Now, as at the time, they are materially the same.

"Answers to Correspondents." Yes, Lawson Little's golf, as we saw it in the final round, was just as good and impressive as can be remembered. No, I do not think anyone would say—certainly I would not say—that Little is the greatest golfer seen to date. You cannot hall-mark a golfer on twenty-three holes, however wonderfully played they may have been; but I do repeat that I never expect to see greater or more impressive golf in twenty-three consecutive holes, however long I live. For an American golfer, Little has a markedly individual style dictated largely, I would say, by his build. The outstanding peculiarity with him is the lightness of grip with his right hand. It is as light as that of John Ball himself, and does not function until very late in the swing, when his right arm comes in like a piston, in much the same way and with strikingly similar results as in the case of Freddy Tait. Only thus could he have the great power of recovery he showed in that iron shot to the 12th hole at Prestwick. Next come his footwork and balance, both remarkable. Yes, I should say the rest of his game was on a par with his driving and putting. Altogether, he is a great golfer who may or may not have shown his best at Prestwick. Time will show.

CAPTAIN G. A. MOXON and MISS M. PEECH (Worplesdon; left) won the Mixed Foursomes Tournament at Camberley Heath, defeating MRS. J. GAGE and MR. J. S. F. MORRISON (Wentworth) in the final by one hole.

MISS E. TWEEDIE (North Berwick) and MRS. ALEC STUART (Gullane; background) won "The Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes. SIR HEW DALRYMPLE, BT., is presenting the cup to them. They beat Mrs. M. L. Clarke (Hayling Island) and Mrs. C. M. Peploe (North Berwick) by one hole in the final.

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(See Page 610.) 27/6/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLX.

THE FUN OF THE GAME.

WITHOUT doubt, contract is an amusing game! Viewed from the angle of its literature and teaching, it is full of high comedy. For instance, I once had the honour of meeting a "certified" teacher who was one of the very worst players I ever sat at a card-table with—not, mind you, that that little weakness need of necessity be detrimental to giving instruction; often the best player is the worst teacher, and the bad player a good teacher; but in this particular case the method of giving instruction seemed to me somewhat peculiar. With four pupils in class, this "certified" teacher pointed out the correct bid or pass to the dealer, and then hurried round the table and studied the cards of each of the other pupils! The second player was then given advice, and after another look at both dealer's and his (actually her) partner's hands, that player was told what to do. The fourth player was now advised. In this way, and after one or two further refreshers about the lie of the cards, a final and (presumably) sound contract was arrived at. So far as I could make out, no hand was played out—the question of the best opening lead was not even discussed—it was just bidding, bidding, bidding! Nothing else mattered.

That was some little time ago, when nothing except the bidding *did* matter at contract; in fact, little else than a slam bid, and its twin companion, the "sign off," really mattered. For this purpose hundreds of hands were dealt, altered to fit, and set up in the composing room; each hand proved the subservience of the cards to this, that, or the other method of bidding them, and so prettily did the cards lie that it was all but impossible to misplay them. Contract players took it all in, and saw no reason to learn how to play the cards—it was too easy when the hands fitted so well, which the system-monger told them they would do, provided his system was followed. Unfortunately, there is a big difference between hands dealt at a card-table and those set up in the printer's office. The situation is delightfully summed up by Colonel Buller in "How to Play Contract Bridge": ". . . but he may have to wait six months before he sees one of these hands at the card-table. In fact, he is sure to return to the studio, that being the only place he can handle hands of overwhelming strength." He then gives a diagram showing the pupil (Y) and his partner (Z) holding all the cards. The opponents are labelled "Blind, deaf, and dumb" and "Borrowed from Mme. Tussaud's" respectively. After eight rounds of bidding, YZ arrive at a grand slam! "It is enough," says the Colonel, "to cause any pupil to offer double fees!"

And so the parrot-cry went round: "Bid your hands correctly and the cards will play themselves." I did all I could to shout down these bidding humbugs, and cried out: "Play the cards correctly and the hands will bid themselves." I begged writers on contract to devote a little of their space to the play of the cards, but I hurt their feelings by pointing out the obvious fact that play is more important than bidding, so I back-pedalled and suggested that the play is *as* important as the bidding; but the idea was treated with contempt. I backed still further, and said: "Well, anyhow, do allow that play has some bearing on results; do, please, instruct your readers how to play as well as how to bid." This wouldn't do, either—there was still a market for systems; there was money to be made out of bidding stunts! I once took the trouble to count up the space allotted in contract text-books to Play—it came to less than 7 per cent., and of that but 1 per cent. was given to Defensive Play—the high spot in the art of bridge! But now all this is changed. Every writer is working overtime on the Play of the Cards. I have read the words, "North is playing a four-spade contract. THE BIDDING DOES NOT MATTER!" What a confession! "QUICK-TRICK-ITIS" is now the theme of a writer who a little time ago published a book on Quick-Trick bidding. But the laugh of the week is supplied by the head-line, "Bridge Players who Hurl Away Tricks." The author quotes a hand and seems peeved at the play (perhaps player was his partner). But who is to blame for this Hurling Away of Tricks? Who but, among others, this very writer himself; an expert who for years has preached nothing but Bidding, Bidding, Bidding! The Hurling Away of Tricks didn't matter so much in those days. Yes, without doubt, given a sense of humour and a card sense, contract bridge is an amusing game.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JUNE 20.

ACROSS.—1. One-horse. 6. Tacit. 10. Morose. 11. Martini. 12. Girths. 13. Impairs. 14. Accident. 15. Anode. 16. Assemble. 19. Arsenals. 22. Huron. 25. Night-cap. 28. Semitic. 29. Adagio. 30. Vulture. 31. Lollop. 32. Elder. 33. Shebeens.

DOWN.—1. Omega. 2. Novices. 3. Hostile. 4. Re-use. 5. Embitter. 6. Triplane. 7. Attain. 8. Inured. 9. Tipsters. 16. Adhesive. 17. Minotaur. 18. Launches. 20. Notable. 21. Liaison. 23. Useful. 24. Opiate. 26. Gable. 27. Pomps.

THE LADY MAUD WARRENDER, 2, Holland Park, W.11, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle in our issue of June 13 to be first opened on Monday morning, June 18. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

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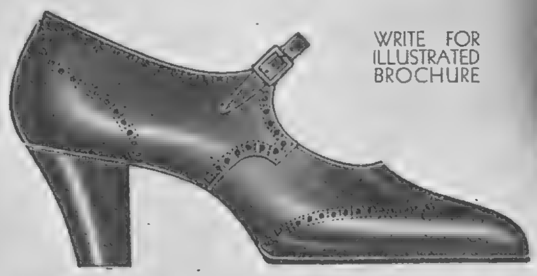

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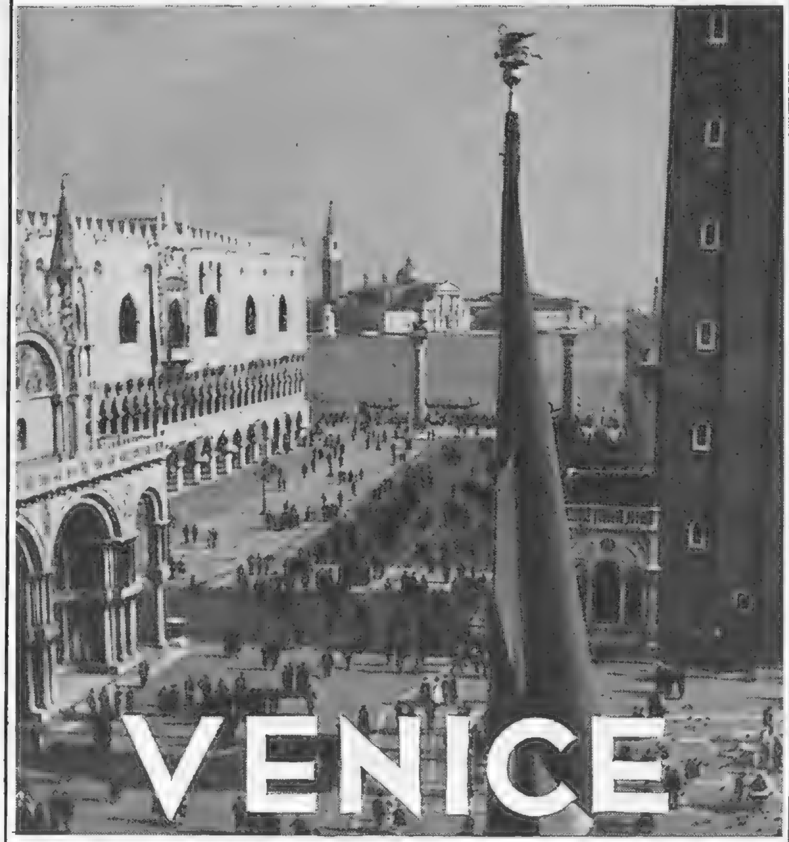

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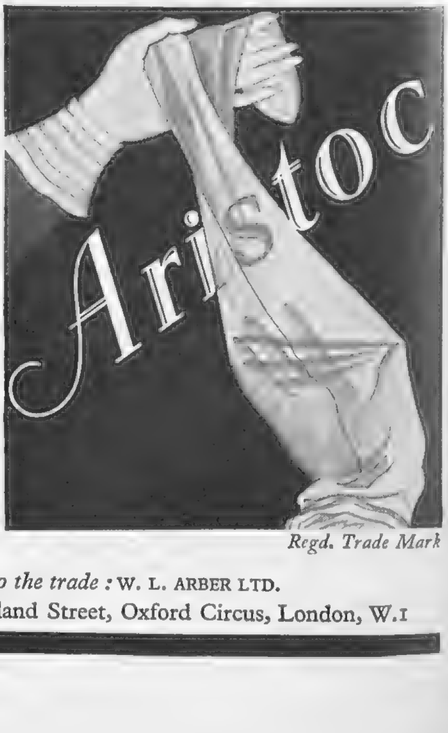

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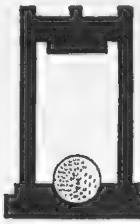

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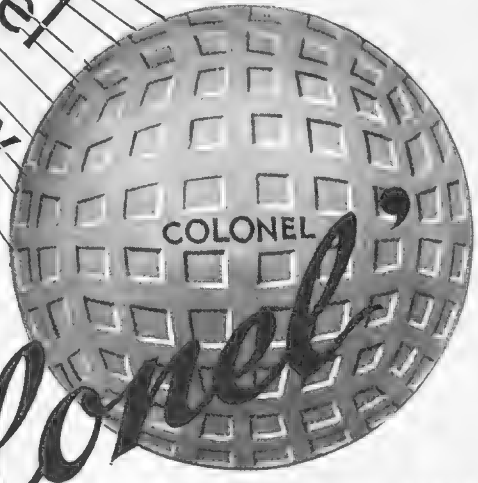

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(*Continued from Page 610.*)

"Concert Pitch."

Miss Theodora Benson's new novel is more homogeneous, more experienced, more commonplace. "Concert Pitch" is a chapter in the life of Valentine Verney (Mrs. Johnnie Mellon), a one-time music-hall star. Perhaps one should say three chapters in her life, corresponding with her three love-affairs. The kindest, if not the most intelligent of women, Val was devoted to Johnnie, and would never, of her own accord, have left him. Even jealous Johnnie knew that her week's holiday in New York with Simon was purely platonic. But he was as unforgiving as he was (from time to time) nagging and irritable, and, though Val caught him in *flagrante delictu* with Albertina, he chose to consider himself the injured party, and treated Val with so much coldness that she ran away, leaving Albertina to reign in her stead. She was so amiable that no one could fail to like her. Ted Goffin, the distinguished novelist, gladly extended her his protection. But she tired of the seclusion of his country cottage, irradiated by love, but chiefly at week-ends; and falling in with a former friend belonging to "the profession"—common, vital, good-natured Eddie Carlton—she threw in her lot with him and returned to the stage. She was no longer the star she had been as Johnnie's wife: she had to work hard for moderate pay. So that when her husband and her lover re-cross her path, protesting (though in what different fashions!) their continued affection for her, we feel that anything may happen. Surely peace and relaxation will have more charm for her than the everlasting effort of keeping at "concert-pitch"?

Miss Benson describes her with skill and sympathy, and with hardly any irony. One has read many novels about life behind the footlights, but few more convincing than this. There is a little gallery of actors and actresses, all well portrayed. Though extremely tender towards human frailties, Miss Benson is not so tolerant as to leave us without preference for one character over another: I continued to feel loyal to Val, and mildly resentful towards Johnnie and his Tina. Miss Benson, perhaps, does not probe very deeply the emotions of her characters. But then, those emotions did not go very deep. The book has many merits; its chief defect is lack of "story." Nor is there much emotional development. But, one asks oneself, how could there be, in the conditions Miss Benson is describing, where love (if we except Val's feeling for Johnnie) is almost as easy to put on and off as a pair of spectacles?

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"Broken Record."

Self-complacent is too mild an epithet to indicate the prevailing tone of Mr. Roy Campbell's reminiscences. He delights, nay, he glories, in himself and his achievements. His book is well named, for on every page he seems to break some record or other. Most of his feats have to do with swimming, fishing, hunting, riding, boxing, bull-fighting, manly sports; I will

[*Continued overleaf.*

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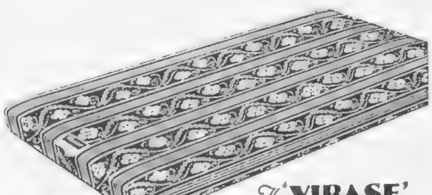

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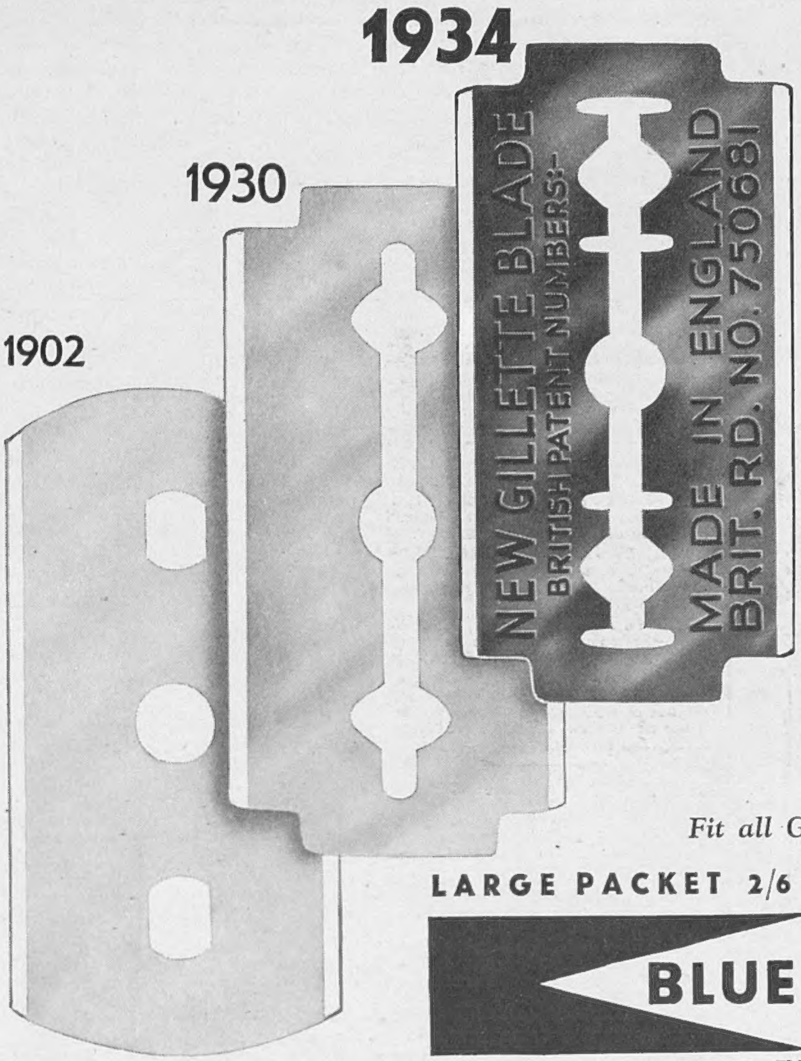

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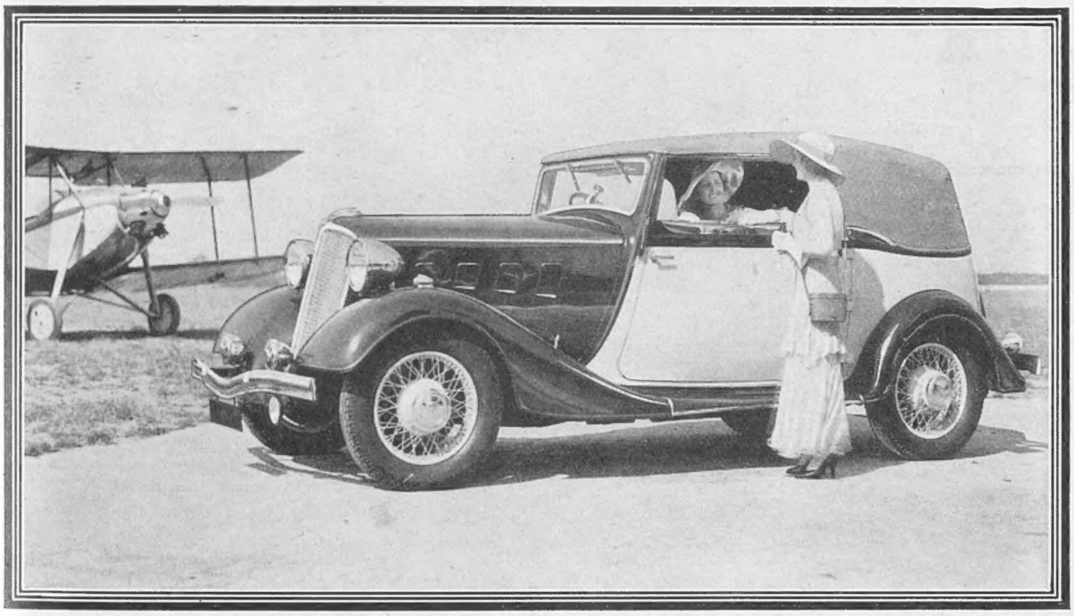

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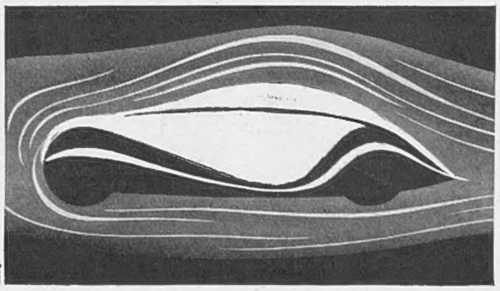

CVS—100

Continued.]
quote one of his triumphs in a less dangerous field, but where success is equally hard to win—

I began by explaining my sedative effect on children, especially small, howling ones. In any tram or railway or circus, I can shut up a howling child and hand it back dumb to its mother or nurse in about thirty seconds, even in cases of acute indigestion—less from any paternal feeling but that I cannot stand to hear them howling. Because of this, on passenger sea-voyages I have always found myself landed with five or six babies to look after while others were enjoying the favours and flirtations of the unmarried women: that is why I always work my passage if I can.

From this extract, as from a hundred others that we could cite if space permitted, we are at liberty to infer that Mr. Campbell is a "devil of a fellow"—nor, I am sure, would he challenge the inference. He considers that his way of life is the only one a poet can decently adopt; his contemporaries, who have not adopted it, come in for the rough side of his pen, which (as readers of "The Georgiad" will remember) is very rough indeed.

It would not be surprising if such overweening self-confidence, combined with outspoken contempt for all who do not act and think as he does, made "Broken Record" a very irritating book. I did not find it so. For one thing, I agree heartily with at least two-thirds of Mr. Campbell's views—especially when he proclaims his dislike of the crowd and his faith in the individual. Again, though pleased with himself, he is never smug: he boasts, he gasconades, in the manner of some warrior belonging to more spacious times—Othello, perhaps. And, lastly, he really has something to boast about. Besides writing poems which have (as he says in a modest moment) "added a few solar colours to contemporary verse," he has risked his life on a hundred occasions—often foolishly, no doubt, but always picturesquely, and with a gesture that stirs our blood. His book is carelessly written, but it has fire and force and occasional glorious felicities of expression. I thoroughly recommend it.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Strip Jack Naked. By John Hampson. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)
Concert Pitch. By Theodora Benson. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)
Broken Record. By Roy Campbell. (*Boriswood; 7s. 6d.*)

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD" (Tivoli).—George Arliss at his best in the drama of the Rothschilds' rise to power.
"MAN OF ARAN" (Polytechnic).—For its magnificent photography and fine natural acting.
"EVERGREEN" (New Gallery).—Jessie Matthews as a *divette* of two generations.
"MURDER AT THE VANITIES" (Carlton).—Clever combination of murder, mystery, and stage-show.
"LIEBES KOMMANDO" (Academy.)—A merry military comedy.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"THE GUARDSMAN" (Curzon).—Revival of the Lunt-Fontanne comedy.

"TOGETHER WE TWO" (Curzon).—The lighter side of unemployment with Annabella and Gustav Froelich.

"IT'S A COP" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Sydney Howard in the Police Force.

"CHANGE OF HEART" (Capitol).—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell re-united.

"THE THIN MAN" (Empire).—A thrilling detective story.

"HI NELLIE" (Regal)—Paul Muni in a newspaper comedy-drama.

"THOSE WERE THE DAYS" (Rialto).—Will Hay in a light-hearted adaptation of a Pinero play.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"TOUCH WOOD" (Haymarket). 8.15.—Another triumph for C. L. Anthony. Cast, acting, and production first-rate. Marie Ney, Flora Robson, Ian Hunter, Dorothy Hyson.
"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Cedric Hardwicke, Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.
"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30.—Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.
"CONVERSATION PIECE" (His Majesty's). 8.30.—Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay—a sparkling combination in Regency Brighton.
THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE, Regent's Park.—Season of Shakespeare and other plays, and ballet; delightful surroundings, fine acting and dancing.
"QUEEN OF SCOTS" (New).—Clever portrait of the unhappy Queen by Gwen ffrangçon-Davies. Excellent production, acting, and settings.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"VILLAGE WOOING" by Bernard Shaw, and "A LITTLE MAN," by John Galsworthy (Little). 8.30.—A pair of diverting comediettas excellently acted.
"BALLETS RUSSES" (Covent Garden). 8.45.—Diaghilev glories revived by Col. de Basil's troupe. Orchestra admirable.
"SIXTEEN" (Criterion).—8.30. Whimsical drama, brilliantly acted by cast including Owen Nares, Muriel Aked, and Antoinette Cellier.
"COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—Elmer Rice's very exciting new play. Acting on high level.
"LIVING DANGEROUSLY" (Strand).—Exciting melodrama of two doctors. Good acting. Godfrey Tearle, Martin Walker, Carol Goodner.
"HAPPY WEEK-END" (Duke of York's). 8.15.—Lively musical play. Steve Geray and Magda Kun specially excellent.
"VINTAGE WINE" (Daly's). 8.30.—Seymour Hicks in effervescence and deception. Claire Luce as his young wife, and Julia Neilson as his mother.
"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" (Palace). 8.30.—Revue. Brilliant mimicry by Florence Desmond and Nelson Keys. Greta Nissen, Gina Malo, and the Diamond Bros. also helping.
"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.
"MR. WHITTINGTON" (Hippodrome). 8.30.—Musical comedy with dandy Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, *et al.*
"THE COUNTRY WIFE" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—Wicked Restoration wit. George Grossmith, Lesley Wareing, Athene Seyler.
"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in a rollicking show; good music and dancing.
"THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS" (Vaudeville). 8.30.—American comedy of 150 years ago. Amusing, delightful, unusual.

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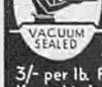

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Richard: "On the contrary. I'm generally regarded as a rank outsider. And what is more I'm afraid of being warned off — that case of 'bumping' you know."

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Richard: "Bumping off the young Princes in the Tower."

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Richard: "The Meeting at Bosworth. Will you accept my wager?"

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